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THE LIFE-BOAT NEARING THE WRECK.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Anything which partakes of mere jocularity is distressing to one's feelings of propriety, and I have not, therefore, one word to say of the style in which a correspondent of a daily newspaper addresses the book trade. "The general public," he says, "often wonders what publishers do; they do not print the books, they do not bind the books, they do not even write the books. Would it therefore be asking too much if we begged them to be so good as to cut the books?" Notwithstanding the manner, little short of flippant, in which this interrogation is worded, let me venture to repeat it in a more classical form. Why the deuce don't they cut the books? What possible pleasure can they confer on those they hope to persuade to read the books by making that operation as difficult as possible? When one buys a desk does one find it locked? What article for immediate use, except a book, is purveyed to the public which needs an instrument to get it open? Like Mr. Chuzzlewit's cousin, someone may suggest oysters; but the oysterman opens his wares for us, and the publisher does not. One wishes he did. It would be a pretty sight to behold the magnates of Paternoster Row in their shirt-sleeves cutting away at their new books. It is not everyone who possesses a paper-knife, or at all events has it by him, therefore the volume is forced open by the first instrument at hand; and as the artilleryman can tell by the fracture in the target what kind of missile has been directed against it, so one can detect by the manner in which a book has been torn and mangled what sort of weapon has been employed to open it. The worst instrument for this purpose is the thumb; the next the finger, than which nothing is more commonly employed.

It may be said — for there are feeble apologists for everything — that there are some books which nobody wants to read—such as the presentation copies of poems, for example: but those are the very books that one wishes to appear to have read, and (in case the author should call) require cutting above all. Conceive one's having to go through every page of a work of this kind, even with the paper-knife! I have asked again and again why this abominable custom of issuing books uncut is continued, without getting a satisfactory reply. Some say that it is done in the hope of selling a book twice over; that the customer may be so ashamed of the mangled condition to which he has reduced his purchase in getting it opened that he is obliged to buy another copy. I am loth to think so ill of even a publisher as to credit this. Yet the other reason given for the practice is as humiliating to the author. They say that if books were cut when they left the printer's hands the edition would be greatly diminished in value, since at least fifty per cent. remain on hand, and can only be sold as packing-paper, and not even that if the leaves are cut. If it is only to rescue both publishers and authors from these terrible imputations, let us hope that an end may be put to the practice in question.

How amazing it seems that Tom Paine, whose views and opinions were supposed to be utterly squelched, and the exhibition of whose bones even, not long after death, was one of Cobbett's failures, should in these days be resuscitated! "The gem of the collection," we are told, is "a bit of his brain, quite black, and looking like a bit of iron pyrites," the very bit, perhaps, with which he wrote "The Age of Reason." I cannot say that he is a person, to my mind, calculated to excite enthusiasm; but it should never be forgotten that, when it was very dangerous to be merciful, doubting Thomas voted in the French Chamber against the execution of the King. It is doubtful whether he stuck to his theological colours (rather a black flag, as good people think) to the last or no. His nurse, "a serious and pious woman," as we read, says No. "He seemed to give particular attention" to the book she read aloud to him, which was "The Companion to the Altar." Dr. Manby, however, who made him purposely a late visit, "when I knew he would be in great physical distress" (which seems scarcely fair except to a theologian), could not get anything definite out of him. To all his questions he remained silent, and when he was thus solemnly adjured: "Mr. Paine, you are a dying man, tell me, do you believe, or do you wish to believe?" he answered, "I do not wish to believe upon that subject." Those were his last words, though others were put into his mouth, both by friends and foes.

There is no better method of arriving at the value of criticism than to read the biography of a critic. How haphazard—even in the best of cases—are often their conclusions, how subject to prepossession and prejudice, how positive and how wrong! In many respects Lady Eastlake, whose charming "Journals and Correspondence" have just been given to the world, seems to have been well fitted to be a literary censor: she had a fine taste, and, what is not less necessary for that calling, great common-sense. Like most writers upon art, she was vague and misty, and despised her fellow-workers in that delicate line of business, but in the world of letters she had an independent position, and expressed herself with great directness; her style was admirable, and her opinions would have been valuable if only she had been right. Here, like almost all the critics of her time, she failed. She was too sensible to talk about the verdict of posterity, but whatever was new she compared to its disadvantage with the old. The past loomed largely before her eyes, like a hill in mist, while the present was a mole-hill. This is what she has to say about "Vanity Fair": "Things are written to be read now once, and no more; they are read as often as they deserve. A book, in old times, took five years to write, and was read five hundred times by five hundred people. Now it is written in three months and read once by five hundred thousand people." This is just the kind of aphorism—half epigram, half paradox, wholly untrue—that your professional critic plumes himself upon. In this case it is more supremely ridiculous from the fact of its being applied to Thackeray's masterpiece. It is a pity the writer did not particularise, or even trouble herself to remember that Scott's greatest works were written in three months or even less. In these days criticisms have very little effect, but half a century ago they were of great importance to a new writer. Indeed, rather to one's amazement, we find Thackeray himself asking for a review of this very book, or, at least, complaining that it had not been noticed (I think in *Blackwood*). How marvellously were things managed in that old critical world, where critics (we are told) were giants! More than once did Lady Eastlake review her own books in the *Quarterly Review*. I have no doubt she did it very well: she knew more about them than anybody else, including their deficiencies, which it is charitable to suppose she pointed out with reluctant hand; but if such a thing should happen nowadays it would be called log-rolling *in excelsis*.

The objection to such a practice is, after all, perhaps more theoretical than practical, if—though the "if" may be a large one—the author and reviewer be an honest man. In that case his position is like that of a judge who is by some accident personally interested in the case before him, and who from sensibility and good taste is moved to give it against himself for that very reason. For my part, though I have written many a review, I do not remember ever having penned an unfavourable one, and if the opportunity had been afforded me of reviewing my own books I dare say there would have been no exception as regards that matter. Indeed, it is doubtful whether advantage to anybody is derived from what is called scathing criticism. Of course, it is well to warn honest folks against foul writing, to nail to the barn-door the literary vermin which infest the fields of literature; but that is not criticism, it is an affair of the police. If a book is worthless why not let it alone? It is as easy as lying to discover faults; they exist in everything; but what is the use of pointing them out? Is any critic so sanguine as to believe that his doing so will improve his victim; or so foolish as to suppose that the author is not more alive to them than he can be? To point out merits is a much more difficult task, and to my mind a much more grateful one. One who has the sagacity to do that lays every reader under an obligation. Of how many months—nay, years—of pleasure did the old critics in the quarterlies deprive their contemporaries by their brutal attacks on Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson! Their word, though it was absolutely worthless, was taken for gospel, and those they denounced were boycotted. In these days we may have fallen into the opposite extreme, and cover with fulsome compliment works of very moderate merit; but we have good reason to be thankful that no writer that deserves to be known can be bludgeoned even for a fortnight into obscurity.

It is curious that in the political tables of affinities there are no two relations so far apart as the papa and the grandmamma. We have "paternal governments," whose methods are stepfatherly, as in Russia, and "grandmotherly legislation," which supposes that nobody knows how to take care of themselves, as in this country. There is little doubt as to which is the more objectionable, but still there is something very irritating to the adult in being treated as an infant. It would be no compliment to one's intelligence to be solemnly warned against the confidence trick; it is surely not the duty of the police authorities to educate born idiots, which is done at Earlswood; and yet the Criminal Jurisdiction Department has not thought it beneath its dignity to issue a circular on this very matter. It is not, indeed, the actual confidence trick, but even a still older acquaintance against which we are told to beware — namely, the Spanish swindle. One would as soon have expected to be put upon one's guard against Spring-Heeled Jack. Moreover, even though a few simple souls should be taken in by it, it is not, like the confidence trick, a vulgar fraud, the success of which depends on the tendency to brag in its victim. It has a touch of romance about it, such as belongs to some of the knaveries in "Gil Blas," and commands a certain sympathy from the intelligent bystander: he is surprised to see such a transparent device succeed, but not altogether sorry. One likes to see the love of the marvellous cultivated at somebody else's expense. We are told that the agents of the fraud "are unusually active at present." They cannot certainly be the original agents, but must have succeeded to the business in the third generation. How well I remember my first communication from their grandpapa!—

> Señor,—I write from a dark cell in a Spanish prison, where I have been unjustly immured for years for a political offence. With my wrongs, however, it is not my purpose to trouble you. An opportunity (which may not occur again) has offered itself to elude the vigilance of my jailers so far as to post this letter. As regards my interests and your own, much (as you will perceive) depends upon it. When an exile in your country I dwelt in your immediate neighbourhood, and had occasion to bury a vast treasure (or what seems so to a Spaniard) close to your house. To disinter it will require your personal assistance. I have a motherless daughter, for whose future there is no other provision than this money. I propose to send her with such particulars as will enable her with your help to obtain it, and in return for your good offices I beg you will deduct from the store in question the sum of five hundred pounds. All that I ask of you in the meantime is to forward the money (five pounds will be quite sufficient) for the necessary expenses of my daughter's journey. Thanking you in advance for your esteemed co-operation, I am, with the highest consideration, yours, etc.

I forget the Spanish name at the foot of the letter; but it somehow suggested all that was high-born and chivalric; still, not for one fleeting instant did I dream of sending my five pounds to that motherless girl. The composition of romantic fiction was at that time my own calling; and I sympathised with that Spanish captive, and hoped he would be more successful in other quarters, but I did not rise to his fancy fly. He must be very, very old by this time, and, like the prisoner in the Bastille, may have no desire for liberty; but one is glad to find that he still takes an interest in his own affairs.

Among the many good novels by Mrs. Oliphant there is a comparatively recent one—"Kirsteen"—which shows that admirable writer almost at her very best. As Lord Eldon said of port wine, there is no such thing as a bad novel of hers, but some of them are better than others, and "Kirsteen" is one of her best. There is now another old-established writer, the authoress of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," who, after years of good performance, has written a Scotch story that, in my poor judgment at least, can hold its own as regards excellence with any of those tales of the same country that have lately accomplished the conquest of England. If it fails to gain the same circulation, so much the worse for those who miss the reading of it. "Kincaid's Widow" is, so far as date goes, an historical novel, but it does not deal with history. It is a domestic story into which the period admits certain elements of tragedy which nowadays would seem out of place, but which fit into it so naturally that they occasion neither revolt nor incredulity. There are two characters, Ailie Wedderburn and Kincaid's widow, which Scott himself need not have been ashamed of: the one is the most innocent and unconscious of heroines, and the other a brilliant and masterful woman, the mistress of Ailie's father. One can imagine how certain novelists would treat such an embarrassing relation between these two persons; but in the hands of this author we have nothing to fear on the score of coarseness or indelicacy. Indeed, the atmosphere of purity which Ailie carries about her is such that it acts as a disinfectant, and makes the very desert to blossom as the rose; and yet she is not insipid, but though an unformed country girl, has the blood of stout soldierly ancestors in her veins, and when hard-pressed stands at bay like a stag of ten. When threatened with instant death by the woman whose character she has at last come to understand, there is no whining or repining—

> "It is all true. You are a bitter bad woman, Mistress Kincaid; you 're trying to fear me out of my wits, but you 'll never succeed. You may slay me, who never did you harm—whatever makes you think I 'm standing in your licht?—but my innocent bluid will be on your head, and you 'll have to answer to my lord, and to God who made us baith, for the life you've taken in very wantonness."

Kincaid's widow spares the girl who is in her power, and who is the unconscious obstacle to her gaining her ends, but she does not spare the man who has spoilt her life. She meets him at an old trysting-place, where they had often met under far other circumstances, "when life and hope were new," and entreats him to keep his pledged word and marry her—

> He flung back his head and threw up his arms, and roared a laugh with a tone and movement of insolent contempt, "Are you clean demented that you should think I would pay, in my cool-headed prime, current coin of the realm for tashed and filed gudes I could have, in my hot youth, for a fleechin' word or twa, and a kiss in the by-going? If you had meant to make a grand bargain, Kirsty, my woman, you should have shut up the door of your heart, and laid up your favours in lavender, till the proper time eam', and the proper man tirled at the pin. Do you dream I wauld tak' for a third Leddy Wedderburn—my twa first were honest women, baith of them, though they may not have been sae well-faured, or with sae clever tongue which can wheedle no less than flyte, as a hizzie I ken, but who is for a' that, to my knowledge, fine leddy though she may be, naething else than a——"
>
> The opprobrious term which hisses in a woman's burning, blistered ears was never uttered by him.
>
> "Man, brute, deevil! Who made me what I am?" she gasped. "There 's your payment, which you 've worked for weel." She snatched the sword from his side, and thrust it with all her strength into his breast.

His last words are admirably characteristic of the man, as he struggles to his knees with eyes full, not of rage and horror, but of struggling wonder and incredulity. "'You didna mean it, Kirsty Kennedy'" (his thus addressing her by her maiden name is a fine touch), "in a thick, fluttering, voice, as if seeking to reassure himself rather than her. 'It was done in play, which gaed a thocht ower far; I 'm never slain by a woman, and you that woman!'"

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The energetic managers are beginning to dust up and get tidy again after the collapse of the drama of depression. Mr. Comyns Carr is well in hand at the Comedy with Sydney Grundy's new comedy, which we all hope will be as charming as "A Pair of Spectacles," an old friend now half-way to America in the pocket of Mr. John Hare, who will keep this delightful work in reserve until an American verdict has been taken on "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," as enacted by Miss Julia Neilson, whose rehearsals, I am told, gave the liveliest satisfaction to the author and the manager. By-the-way, talking of "A Pair of Spectacles," the great French critic, Francisque Sarcey, has been going it hammer-and-tongs at England, the English stage, the English dramatist, the English theatre, just because M. Auguste Filon in his celebrated series of articles on English dramatic art forgot to mention that there was once upon a time a comedy called "Les Petits Oiseaux" by Labiche, and gave Mr. Grundy a start with the famous "Spectacles." It is the usual red rag flaunted in the face of John Bull. Why will they not allow bygones to be bygones? No doubt English dramatists of the past acted extremely badly in not paying French authors for the plots they carefully and systematically annexed. But that is all over now. We have a Berne Convention, and French authors, whenever they have anything good to sell, dip pretty deeply into the pockets of English and American managers. If Mr. Bancroft, Mr. M. L. Mayer, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and many more were to show their cheque-books, I doubt if the French Dramatic Authors' Society would have much cause for complaint. But why at this late date unbury this old bone, and drag it to the surface again, causing unnecessary ill-feeling? Earth will not cover it, apparently; so it had better be burned. It would be far more generous if, instead of harping on the past and an indefensible system, M. Sarcey were to say frankly: "Well, what is done cannot be undone; but, at any rate, the modern English manager — Mr. Charles Wyndham in particular—has again and again paid fees for plays which have no legal protection whatever, and were written years before the Berne Convention was born or thought of. This is something like the *amende honorable*, is it not?" But instead of that, they all go back to "Box and Cox" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," though "Box and Cox" was in reality composed of two boiled-down French farces, and Tom Taylor's play was as skilful an adaptation as can be found in the English language. But modern French authors do not stop here. They sell their plays for the English and American markets with the strict understanding that they are to be altered as the purchaser chooses, and then they tear their hair if one word, scene, or situation in their play is touched, and talk about Vandalism and insult when they are absolutely ignorant of the requirements of the English and American spectator.

It is now definitely settled that the new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which is very highly spoken of indeed, shall follow "Romeo and Juliet." Fine characters fall to Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the work is said to be startling. A little bird tells me that there is a slight difficulty in the title selected, which is giving the Lyceum managers some anxiety, but there can be little doubt that it will soon be smoothed over by diplomacy and conciliation, for, after all, "the play's the thing," and not the title. The best title in the world will not make the fortune of a bad play, and *vice versâ*. For my own part, I think that "The Squire of Dames" is a very poor title indeed, but that does not prevent it being one of the most popular plays in London.

Playgoing America appears to have voted "solid" in favour of the new dramatic version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" by its author, Mr. Anthony Hope, and the experienced actor-dramatist Mr. Edward Rose. We were oracularly told the other day that the romantic drama had been of very little value to the well-being of the English stage—whatever that may mean. Let us hope, at any rate, that the innocent pleasures of the playgoers will be enhanced when Mr. Anthony Hope's charming story is put on the stage of the St. James's Theatre by Mr. George Alexander. I do not think a short spell of romance and fancy will do any of us very much harm. The daily details of the newspaper are sufficiently depressing with their double suicides and hotel murders, and ruined lives and domestic tragedies, and so on. In fact, recent experience shows us that fact is indeed stranger than fiction. So on the principle of contrast and relief it will be a sincere pleasure to get away for a time from realistic horrors and give the rein to imagination. If "The Prisoner of Zenda" starts the playgoer on a career of graceful fancy we shall all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. George Alexander.

But workmanlike plays are apparently not so much in demand as capable leading ladies. Here the demand exceeds the supply. With America and the Colonies continually draining our limited produce, and the English provinces tempting our stars, poor London is left very much in the cold. At the present moment such distinguished and popular actresses as Ellen Terry, Olga Nethersole, Julia Neilson, and Ellaline Terriss are all in America. Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Cynthia Brooke, and many more, are in great demand for provincial tours, and yet new plays of great importance, requiring experience and talent and the highest capability, are being produced in London every week. The coming actress, whoever she may be, will not be left waiting shivering in the cold. But she must know how to act and how to speak and how to charm. Beautiful dolls are of very little value for plays of the first importance. They pass muster in the ranks of "Gaiety Girls," "Artist's Models," "Shop-Girls," and so on, which produce "the harvest of the eye"; but plays to influence and stir require natural talent and defined art. As matters stand, managers appeal to Miss Sarah Thorne and look earnestly to Mr. Ben Greet. Where is the promised school?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE OF BELGIUM.

Her Royal Highness Princess Clémentine, third daughter of his Majesty Leopold II., King of the Belgians, has accompanied her father in his recent visit to England,



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE OF BELGIUM.

staying with him in London, and visiting with him the Queen at Windsor Castle, and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. They left England by the Dover and Ostend route on Monday evening. Princess Clémentine was born on July 30, 1872, and has two elder sisters; the one, born in 1858, is married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg; the other, who is eight years older than Princess Clémentine, is the widowed Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria. Their mother, Queen Marie Henriette, is daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Austria. One of their cousins, Princess Henriette, a daughter of the Count of Flanders, is about to be married to Prince Emanuel d'Orléans, son of the Duc d'Alençon, and grandson of the Duc de Nemours. The Duc d'Alençon and his son were invited by our Queen to meet King Leopold and Princess Clémentine last week at Windsor Castle.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

The Queen and her guests at Windsor Castle, including the King of the Belgians and Princess Clémentine, on Friday evening, Dec. 6, were entertained in St. George's Hall with a concert performed by a hundred and ten ladies and gentlemen forming this accomplished band of amateur instrumental musicians. It is a special adjunct to the Imperial Institute, under the patronage of the Queen and under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. The general charge of music at the Imperial Institute rests with Sir Somers Vine, C.M.G., the secretary; but Mr. Frank H. Butler is chairman of the Orchestra Committee. The honorary conductor of the orchestra is Mr. Albert Randegger, and Mr. Louis d'Egville is the honorary leader. It comprises twenty first violins, as many second violins, sixteen violoncellos, a dozen violas, ten double-basses, and a sufficiency of various wind instruments. The concert performed before her Majesty and the royal family and their visitors consisted of the following pieces: the overture to "Mireille," by Gounod; Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin"; a suite by Bizet, called "Jeux d'Enfants"; a melody from "Chants du Voyageur," by Paderewski; the entr'acte in "Lakmé," by Délibes; one of Strauss's waltzes, "Du und Du"; and Sellenick's "Marche Indienne." Her Majesty asked for a repetition of this last piece, which was followed by the entr'acte of "La Colombe." The audience were highly gratified. Mr. Albert Randegger, Sir Somers Vine, Mr. Frank Butler, Mr. Louis d'Egville, and Mr. Claude Johnson, secretary to the Music Committee, were presented to the Queen.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

The departure on Saturday, Dec. 7, from Aldershot Camp of the Special Service Corps—a mixed battalion of infantry composed of selections from different regiments of British troops — to serve under command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford in the forces commanded by Colonel Sir Francis Scott for the advance to Coomassie, was the last event of military or general interest which should take place in England preparatory to this expedition. The troops collected for this service, being twenty from each battalion, with officers, did not muster a very numerous array, but they represented a good part of the Queen's Army, comprising two battalions of the Guards, and so many of the regiments of the Line as are now disposable in this country. Our Illustrations show the appearance of several of these detachments, each under the command of an officer of the same regiment. They were inspected at Aldershot by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, about to join the officers going with the expedition. The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Henry of Battenberg were present, in a carriage. The troops came by train from Aldershot to London, and proceeded to the Royal Albert Dock, where they embarked on board the *Coromandel*, fitted up as a transport and hospital ship. Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, inspected them in a shed on the dock wharf, and left them on board the ship, which came out of dock early next morning and proceeded on the voyage to the Gold Coast.

Among the Illustrations already published of the special arrangements for this expedition was that of the officers' double-roofed tents, which were particularly described in a preceding number of this Journal. These tents, devised and manufactured by Messrs. Benjamin Edgington and Co., Limited, of 2, Duke Street, London Bridge, are the best that can be procured for use in the climate of tropical Africa. A high certificate of their utility and durability, by Dr. R. U. Moffat, medical officer in the Uganda Protectorate, has been put before us.

TARPON-FISHING IN FLORIDA.

An American lady angler, the wife of Mr. J. N. Patterson, of Philadelphia, while sojourning with her husband last May at Fort Myers in Florida, one morning before breakfast went out in a boat on the Caloosahatchee River, and caught a brace of the biggest fish that ever were taken by any woman or by any man with rod and line and hook in two hours' piscatorial sport. The tarpon, which is stated by ichthyologists to belong to the *Clupeidæ*, the family which includes our herring and sprat, grows to an enormous size, and, entering a river from the sea for the purpose of spawning, can be ensnared with a large hook and a piece of fresh-cut mullet for bait, lying deep in the water; the line is about 150 yards long, and the fish must be skilfully played until it can be secured by the gaff-hook at the end of a pole. Mrs. Patterson caught first a tarpon 5 ft. 8 in. long, weighing 107 lb., and soon afterwards one of 6 ft. length and 120 lb. weight, playing each of them from sixteen to twenty minutes. The scenes of tarpon-fishing, in a boat and along the shore, which are represented in our sketches, may have the greater interest for some readers in connection with this lady's notable performance. Two or three men, going out together, can get fine sport in the catching of tarpon; but they will not often catch bigger fish than she did, and she should be crowned the Tarpon Queen.



Photo Gregory and Co., Strand.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.

LEINSTER REGIMENT.



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.

5TH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.

2ND BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE.

THE EXPEDITION TO ASHANTI: SPECIAL SERVICE CORPS SELECTED FROM BRITISH REGIMENTS.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The old journalists have lost their *doyen*, and the *Daily Telegraph* will know no more the flamboyant pen which enriched its columns for nearly forty years. Mr. Sala was one of Dickens's "young men," and began life as a writer under the genius that directed *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. A sketch entitled "The Key of the Street" brought Sala his first five-pound note, and turned his mind from the business of an engraver to the life of a Bohemian *littérateur*. Dickens saw at once that here was a congenial spirit who readily adapted himself to the particular manner which the world then expected from the lighter pens of the day. It was the aim of Sala and his colleagues to write like their master, and with "G. A. S." disappears the old Dickens tradition from our journalism. What that influence was the curious reader can more particularly discern by turning to "Colonel Quaggs," Sala's most successful achievement in humorous fiction, or to "Quite Alone," the novel he wrote in *All the Year Round*. This story had to be finished by another hand, for the author was called away to America. Sala's connection with the *Daily Telegraph* began in 1857, and in 1863 he was dispatched as Special Correspondent to the headquarters of General Grant. For many years after there were few world-shaking incidents in any part of Europe which were not described by the same vigorous hand. It has been said that Sala knew most languages except his own—if, indeed, English could properly be described as his mother tongue. His father was Italian; on his mother's side he came of West Indian stock, and his early education was French. The advantage of this polyglot up-bringing was that he had wide and multifarious interests. His range of information was remarkable, and far more accurate than the playful critics of his style were willing to admit. He had seen men and cities in every clime, and his knowledge of the world, and especially of cookery, which makes the whole world kin, was extensive and solid. His leaders alone were a liberal education to the readers of the *Daily Telegraph*. For a long period he contributed to *The Illustrated London News* "Echoes of the Week," which were really echoes of forgotten things since the beginning of historic time. His "Reminiscences," published not long ago, deal copiously with many interesting episodes in the social and literary history of two generations. He knew Thackeray, and was always sensible of that great man's personal pre-eminence. He cherished the memory of Dickens. His own memory will linger in Fleet Street while journalism has its being.

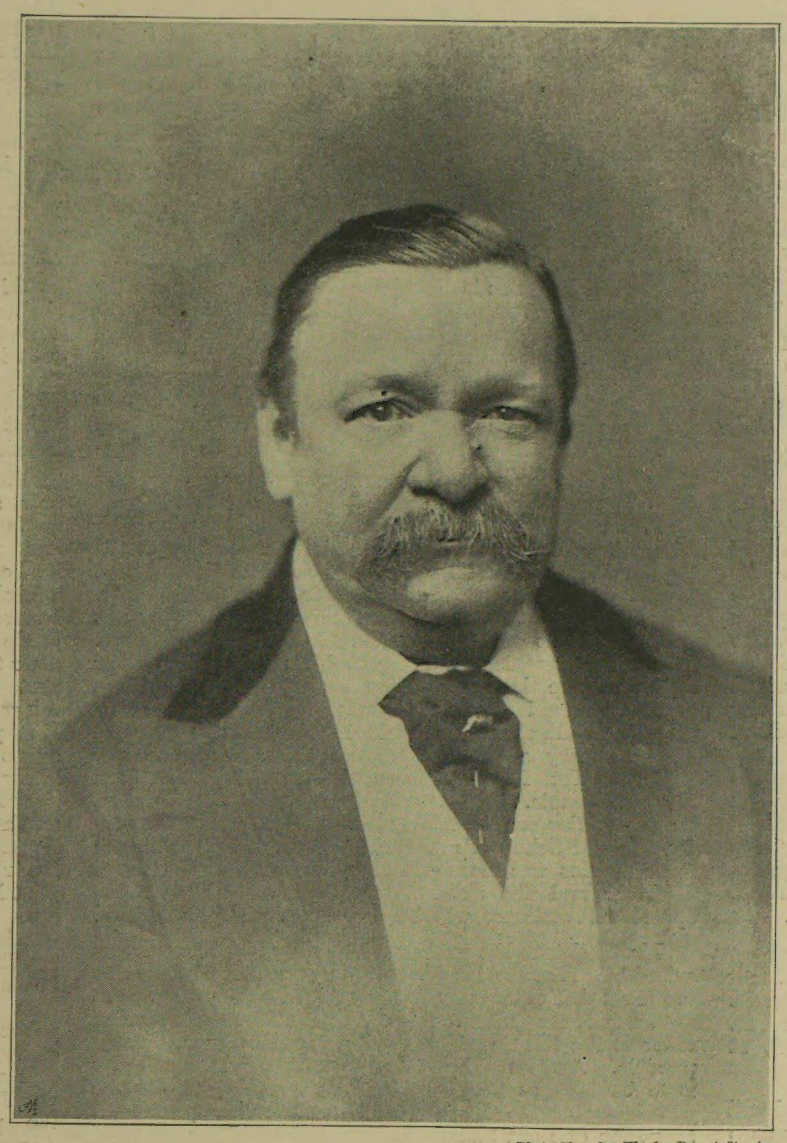


Photo Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE "COMEDY OF ERRORS."

Three hundred years after its original production in the historic Hall of Gray's Inn, Shakspere's "Comedy of Errors" was last week revived by the Elizabethan Stage Society, with the strictest possible adherence to the stage customs of the dramatist's own day. The occasion was certainly a notable one. The Hall has changed but little since its panelled walls and oaken gallery witnessed the first performance of the play during the Christmas holidays of 1594, on an evening afterwards known as "The Night of Errors" by reason of the crowd and confusion at the revels.

Supper was laid ready when the guests assembled to partake of the hospitality of Master Power and the Masters of the Bench of Gray's Inn; and, seated at the tables, the audience watched the progress of the play. There was no raised platform or elaborate stage furniture, and the actors entered through the doors of the hall. Flanking the part of the Hall used for the stage stood halberdiers, and in front of them attendants bearing torches, all in Elizabethan costume. The players were also attired strictly after the fashion of 1594.

The two Dromios were well represented by Mr. Leonard Howard and Mr. Harry Goring, and Mr. Lewin Mannering and Mr. Alexander Watson played effectively as the Antipholus brothers. Mrs. Herbert Morris was a spirited Adriana. At the end of the play the chief players knelt together and intoned "The Queen's Prayer," from the play of "Ralph Roister Doister." The quaint charm and picturesqueness of the whole performance cannot be praised too highly, and Mr. W. Poel, who superintended it, is much to be congratulated. After the play some Elizabethan music was pleasantly discoursed on sundry old-world instruments under Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's guidance, while the hospitality of the Inn was much enjoyed by the distinguished gathering.



THE "COMEDY OF ERRORS" AT GRAY'S INN: ACT II. SCENE 2—"VILLAIN, THOU LIEST!"

PERSONAL.

The death of Cardinal Persico, which took place on Friday, Dec. 8, at Rome, removes not exactly a great man, but something certainly of a great contemporary from these times. His sole connection with England in anything of an official capacity is well enough known. It was in the year 1887 that he was sent by Pope Leo XIII. to inquire into the Irish agitation, then in full career under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. The result is well known; and few events of that singular period caused greater excitement than the famous Papal Rescript condemning the Plan of Campaign and boycotting. It was on his return from Ireland to Rome that he was commissioned to visit the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus, in Scotland, a journey which resulted in the appointment of a permanent Abbot, whereby the founder of the monastery, the Rev. Jerome Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal, found himself compelled to leave the abbey. In his previous career, Cardinal Persico had, as a Franciscan friar, done much energetic missionary work in India. Upon his return to Rome in 1888, he laboured at the College of the Propaganda, and subsequently was created Cardinal. In appearance he was short and square; unlike most Roman clerics, he always wore a beard, a privilege of which he availed himself as a Franciscan.

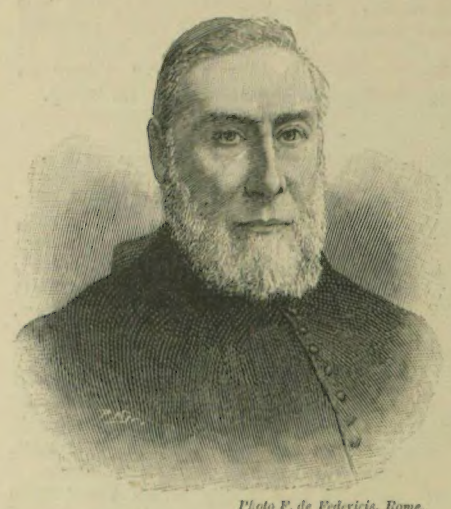


Photo F. de Federicis, Rome.
THE LATE CARDINAL PERSICO.

It is expected that the Queen will visit Nice early next year, and occupy the Villa Valrose at Cimiez. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will leave England at the end of the present month for Biarritz, where they are to be guests of Mr. Armitstead. They will probably visit Lord Rendel, at Cannes, later on.

Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanies the Ashanti Expedition not in any official capacity, but simply as a volunteer. The Cape Coast merchants are already agitating for the annexation of King Prempeh's dominions, on the ground that if this be not done there will always be a necessity for expeditions. It is most likely, however, that Ashanti will be treated like the Indian protected States.

Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne has been unseated on petition at Southampton. The evidence with regard to treating was not accepted by the judges, and Mr. Chamberlayne's misfortune is due to his responsibility for the payment of a voter's railway fare. At Elgin the petition of Mr. Seymour Keay has failed, the judges holding that a candidate's personal expenditure on a constituency before the formal beginning of an election contest does not come under the Corrupt Practices Act. It appears to follow from this that wholesale bribery might be practised with impunity up to a few days of the technical electioneering. On the other hand, it is denied that the English election judges agree with the interpretation of the Statute by their Scotch colleagues; but the question is, at any rate, more important than the railway fare which has upset Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne.

There is still a great to-do over Mr. Asquith's return to the Bar. Will he, a Privy Councillor, plead before the Privy Council? "There is nothing to prevent it," says legal authority; but it is against professional etiquette. If Mr. Asquith should take this course he will "create a precedent." There are so many musty precedents at the Bar that a new one will be quite refreshing—at all events to people engaged in litigation. If they want Mr. Asquith to take their cases before the Privy Council why should they be debarred?

Father Dolling, Incumbent of St. Agatha's, Portsea, has come into collision with his Bishop, Dr. Davidson, of Winchester, who has declined to license a new church because Father Dolling wished to place in it an altar to be used for special prayers for the dead. As this particular service would comprehend the Roman doctrine of purgatory, it is difficult to see how the Bishop of Winchester could officially sanction such a practice. Father Dolling threatens to resign, and as he has the highest reputation for good works amongst the poor, his resignation would be a misfortune. Yet the poor surely deserve more consideration than the dead.

Why should the penalty of mistaken identity fall exclusively on the victim of the mistake? A respectable young man charged at a London police-court with robbery was able to prove a complete alibi. He had been mistaken for somebody else. When he asked for compensation for twenty-four hours' confinement in a prison cell and for much annoyance and indignity, he was told by the magistrate to be content with the vindication of his character. The people who prosecuted him were not called upon to suffer for their blunder. This is a queer kind of justice.

Some silly intriguers in Paris have been trying to get up a scandal against M. Faure. They have found out something about his wife's mother, something not in the least to that lady's discredit, and they gravely suggest that the husband of Madame Faure ought not to be President of the Republic. This is even more idiotic than malignant, and the revelation has increased M. Faure's personal popularity.

Dr. Jacob, the new Bishop of Newcastle, is to marry Lady Sophia Palmer, the only unmarried sister of Lord Selborne. Lord Selborne's other sister, Lady Laura, is the wife of the Bishop of Southwell.

For the first time in the history of warfare a typewriter is to be brought into play on the battle-field, the War Office having ordered a Remington for use in the Ashanti Expedition. The value of the machine for such purposes was first demonstrated some two years ago at the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. In the various manœuvres the Remington was shown to be a more than efficient substitute for the cumbrous printing-press and connected apparatus that usually accompanies an army on active service.

It is a very great pity that the excellent concerts which take place in due season on successive Saturdays at the Crystal Palace should this year be so little heeded, and command so slack an attention. Mr. August Manns is, when all is said, the only conductor living in these islands of whom we do well to be proud. Although not a native, he is more identified with England than with any other country. He has a sensitive sense of music; he has a fine command of his resources; and his concerts, take them all in all, are worthy of more attention than any of the customary serial concerts that take place in or near London. Yet, for this season, the attendance has been really deplorable. The concert of Saturday, Dec. 7, was an extremely fine one, and included a superbly finished performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. Madame Roger-Miclos was the pianist, and she played with much brilliance and fine skill. All that was needed was the appreciative audience, which was conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he expresses astonishment at the language of the German Emperor to the effect that order must be restored in Turkey under the authority of the Sultan. The Turkish method of restoring order is the killing of as many Armenian Christians as possible. A meeting to protest against this kind of order is to be held at St. James's Hall, probably under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, a prominent supporter of Lord Salisbury.

The renowned office of Grand Vizier in the realms of the Ottoman Turk seems to be at this time a very precarious and dangerous post. Said Pasha has been succeeded by Kiamil Pasha, and Kiamil Pasha has been quickly superseded by Rifaat Pasha within a few weeks, apparently because the Sultan does not like the advice which his Prime Ministers think it needful to give him. Said has quite recently felt himself obliged, for his personal safety, to take refuge at the British Embassy, but has now ventured to leave it after two or three days, Sir Philip Currie having obtained the Sultan's promise that he shall not be harmed. Kiamil has been deported, with the honourable title of a provincial governor, to a city of Asia Minor. Rifaat is still at Constantinople, and is still nominally head of whatever Government may be supposed to exist at the Porte. If he should remain in that position a little longer than his predecessors it may be owing to his not having any decided views, or to his prudent reticence and abstinence from stating whatever he thinks necessary at the present crisis. He has been many years in the civil service at the Porte, and has been Governor, successively, of the former Danubian Provinces, of Salonica, of Smyrna, and of Monastir, and latterly Minister of the Interior. We might suppose him to be a man of real ability, without being at all confident that the Sultan will allow him to do his best.



RIFAAT PASHA, THE NEW TURKISH GRAND VIZIER.

Of course, a French journalist has discovered that in sheltering Said Pasha Sir Philip Currie has given evidence of another British intrigue. The discoverer of this mare's nest is M. Jacques St. Cère, who writes in the *Figaro* on foreign affairs with a plentiful lack of knowledge and discretion. He says that Sir Philip Currie is *un malin*. What M. St. Cère is may be considered too obvious for definition.

The Italian army in the African colonial province now styled "Erythria," on the coast of the Red Sea, at Massowah, and in the land of Tigré, which was formerly regarded as the northern part of the Abyssinian Empire, seems now likely to be confronted with much larger hostile forces, gathered around the standard of the Emperor Menelek, than it has yet encountered in the desultory warfare of the past five or six years. The strength of the Abyssinian national monarchy lies in Shoa, the southern province, which was temporarily separated from it during the reign of King Theodore, and at the time of the British expedition to Magdala, under Sir Robert Napier, in the winter of 1868 and the early months of 1869. An army from Shoa, numbering twenty thousand, has been brought northward to Tigré, which has already surprised and defeated a detachment of native troops with Italian officers under Major Toselli, at a place called Ambalagi; this took place on Sunday last, and appears to be a serious military disaster. Major Toselli is said to have been killed, with seventeen of his officers and about nine hundred of his African soldiers. He had been ordered to fall back on the supporting force of General Arimondi, but the order had failed to reach him in time. The Commander-in-Chief, General Baratieri, has at his disposal, including garrisons, in the whole of Erythria, not less than 23,000 regular soldiery, and will certainly be able to retrieve this disaster, and to deal with the approaching enemy, but a considerable battle is expected. General Baratieri came home for a short stay last summer, and was received in Italy with high public honours for the successes he had already gained.



Photo Capitanio, Brescia.
GENERAL BARATIERI.

Mr. David Bispham's concert of "old popular music" at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 10, showed significantly the trend of taste in the very latest of modern musical sentiment. The common ballad is positively growing out of favour, and it was high time, for among the inartistic portents of this century the popular ballad is one of the most deplorable and dull. Mr. Dolmetsch has for years been a voice crying in the wilderness; but his leading seems at last to be bearing fruit. It is gratifying to record that Mr. Bispham's concert was largely attended by a sympathetic audience. Mr. Fuller Maitland played three sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti with delicate distinction; Mr. Bispham sang songs by Lawes (both William and Henry), by Pergolesi and others with all his fine artistic sentiment and beauty of voice. The whole concert was artistically successful.

Apropos of the tendency of modern singers and players to seek back for the treasures of the past rather than to content themselves with the poor ballad of the time, we note that the Musical Guild has learned a lesson from the Philharmonic Society, for in the last of their excellent winter series of chamber concerts, held at the Kensington Town Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 10, the seventh Sonata, in C, by Purcell, of the sonatas in four parts, of which the Golden Sonata is the ninth, was performed with the proper instruments, and not, as by the Philharmonic, by full band and two pianos!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle on Wednesday, Dec. 4, received the King of the Belgians and his daughter, Princess Clémentine, who remained there as her visitors until Saturday. The Duc d'Alençon and his son, Prince Emanuel of Orleans, arrived on Thursday. Prince Emanuel is about to marry Princess Henriette of Belgium. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were at the Castle. A concert was given on Friday evening by the Imperial Institute amateur orchestra, and on Monday by the Windsor and Eton Madrigal Society. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Lord Salisbury and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord and Lady Glenesk, and Lady Harris have been among the guests of the Queen. Her Majesty leaves Windsor on Tuesday, Dec. 17, for the Isle of Wight.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham on Saturday, Dec. 7, received the King of the Belgians and Princess Clémentine as their guests until Monday, after which his Majesty came to London, with his daughter, and departed for Belgium, by the route of Dover and Ostend.

On Monday evening the Prince of Wales took the chair at a dinner of past and present members of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the Hôtel Métropole, to aid in paying off £2200 already borrowed for the completion of the Mission Institute at Camberwell in connection with that College. The Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, and the Master of Trinity were the other chief speakers. The first opening of part of the Mission buildings was performed by the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence four years ago. The buildings have cost £12,000. Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, Mr. John Ryder, Mr. Samuel Bostock, and others, guaranteed the last portion of the cost, and Lord Ashcombe has given £500. The Mission comprises eight men in residence, besides the Rev. Mr. Baily, principal, a sisterhood, a Church lads' brigade, a working men's club, a Charity Organisation Committee, and other establishments. Mr. Hopgood, the honorary secretary, and the Rev. J. Tetley Rowe, curate of St. George's, Camberwell, have worked assiduously for this Mission. The money required, with £200 over, was raised before the company broke up.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on Monday opened the sale of work connected with the social meetings of the Church Army, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street. The Rev. Canon Barker, the Rev. W. Carlile, and the clerical secretaries, evangelists, and mission nurses of that institution were present. Lady Lindsay presides over the sale in aid of its funds.

Princess Beatrice on Saturday went to Bagshot to accompany her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; and they proceeded to Aldershot, where Prince Henry of Battenberg joined the Special Service Corps, under Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford, for the Ashanti Expedition. Princess Beatrice, having bidden him farewell, returned to Windsor with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, after the inspection of the troops and their departure to London. The troops, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, embarked on board the *Coromandel* at the Royal Albert Dock, and sailed next morning for the Gold Coast of West Africa. We give a separate account of this "mixed battalion."

Lady Wolseley, accompanied by her husband, presented the shooting prizes to the members of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers on Saturday afternoon at the Inner Temple Hall. Mr. Justice Grantham presided at the ceremonial meeting.

The trial of the Southampton disputed election, before Mr. Justice Wright and Mr. Justice Bruce, resulted on Friday in a decision that the charges of treating had not been proved, and that Sir J. Barrington Simeon, one of the candidates returned, had taken all reasonable steps to prevent corrupt and illegal practices; his election was therefore confirmed. But Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne had allowed himself to be drawn along in his carriage with a procession of costermongers, and his election was declared void, though he had not been guilty of treating. The trial of the Lichfield election petition has been commenced.

The polling for the Dublin University election closed on Friday with a majority for Mr. W. H. Lecky—1757 votes against 1071 for Mr. G. Wright, Q.C. An article upon this subject, with a portrait, is given on another page.

A banquet in honour of the fourteen Unionist members returned by constituencies in the county of Durham took place on Dec. 4 at Durham, with the Earl of Durham in the chair. There has been little other political demonstration worth notice. A letter from Sir William Harcourt, read at a meeting of the Liberal party near Bradford, condemns the claims of the Church and other religious school educationists to increased Government aid. Meetings on the opposite sides of this question were held at Birmingham on Monday evening.

The London School Board on Dec. 5 received the estimate of its Finance Committee for the half-year to begin next March, showing that the amount to be raised for that half-year will be £96,000 more than for the corresponding period of this year, the expediture having already exceeded the estimates by £57,800, and proposing an increase of the school rate by three farthings in the pound, which will make the rate over a shilling in the pound, amounting for the half-year ending in September 1896 to no less than £831,000. Lord George Hamilton commented upon this state of things at a meeting of the London Municipal Society.

Lord James of Hereford, chosen by the Lord Provost of Glasgow and the Lord Mayor of Belfast, with the consent of both parties in the shipbuilders' and engineers' dispute at Belfast and on the Clyde, to preside over the conference for conciliation, held a first sitting at Glasgow on Tuesday, and there are hopes of a satisfactory settlement.

The annual dinner of the Farmers' Club and the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture took place at the Holborn Restaurant on Tuesday. Mr. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P., was in the chair. The President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Walter Long, and Lord Claud Hamilton were the chief speakers; the former could give no hopes that Government would propose any measure to raise the prices of agricultural produce, but something might be done to give the British farmer fair play, to prevent the importation of diseased cattle, and of adulterated foreign produce. Lord Claud Hamilton, as chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, spoke of a lowering of the rates of freight in favour of agriculturists.

Several disasters at sea were occasioned by the late violent gales; but one, that of the iron steam-ship *Principia*, belonging to Messrs. Dent and Co., of Newcastle, sailing from Dundee for New York, seems to have been caused by a fire on board, which broke out on Nov. 16. The ship was disabled for five days, and finally drifted ashore on the Faroe Islands; there she sank, with the loss of twenty-nine lives.

The most important fact in the foreign intelligence of these days is that the Sultan of Turkey has yielded at length to the united demand of the Ambassadors of all the Great Powers for an order permitting the entrance of one gun-boat or armed dispatch-vessel through the Dardanelles, to come up to Constantinople and stay in the Bosphorus for the protection of the Embassies and of foreign residents in that city. The Russian Ambassador was very earnest in supporting this demand. The incident of Said Pasha, who was dismissed from the office of Grand Vizier about two months ago, having last week sought refuge at the British Embassy for a few days, being apprehensive for his personal safety, is noticed on another page. He has now left the Embassy for his own residence. The political situation is unchanged. It is calculated that nearly half a million of people in the Armenian provinces are homeless and destitute this winter, driven from their abodes by the outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism and of Kurdish murderous fury, which has been accompanied by the massacre of at least forty thousand persons.

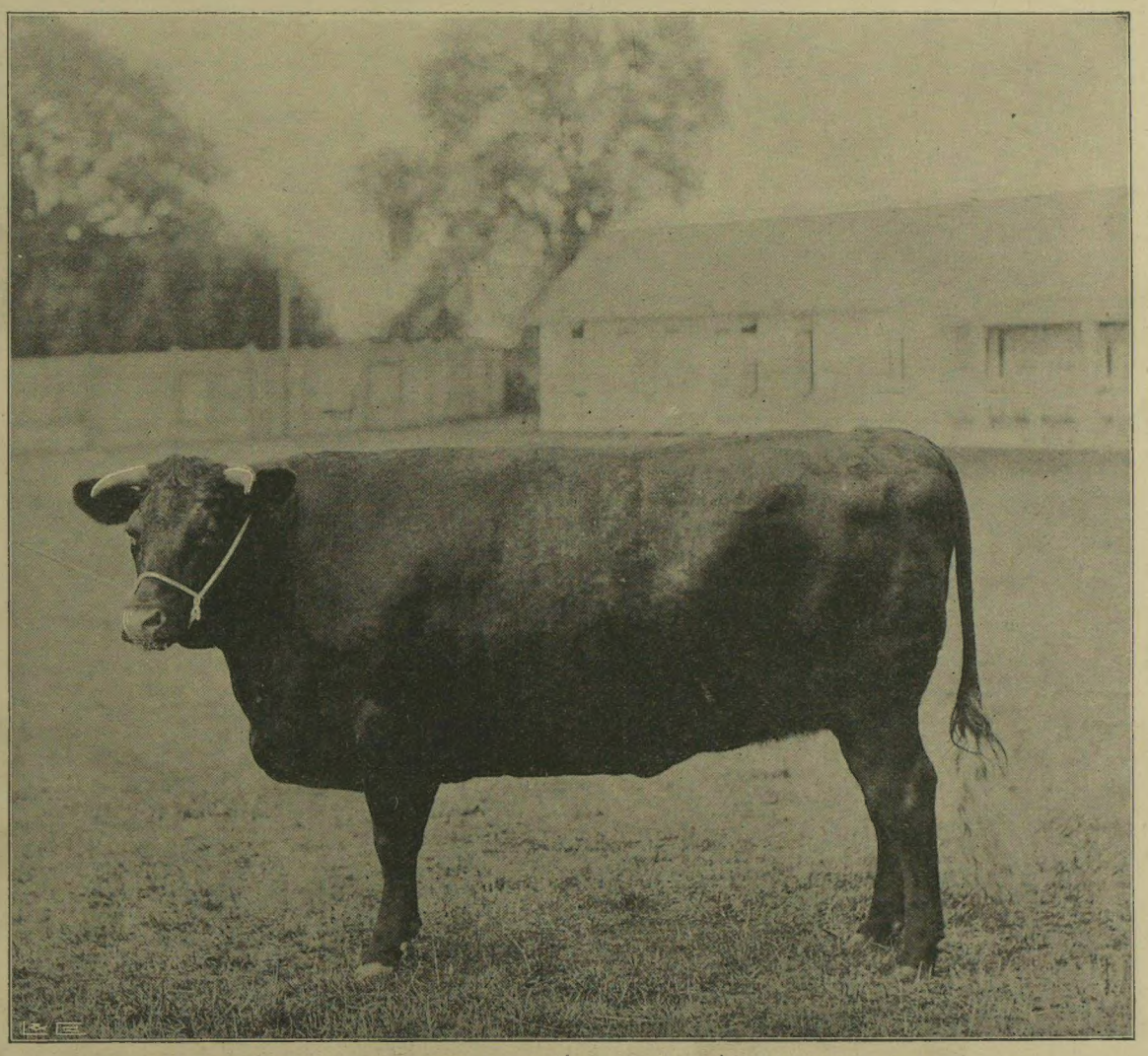
The Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr von Köller, has been removed from office, and is superseded by Baron von der Recke, but this Ministerial change is not supposed to concern the policy of the German Empire.

The French Ministry has had to repel, in the Chamber of Deputies, further imputations of improper interference with the case of M. Arton, the gentleman connected with Panama finance scandals, recently arrested in London. The naval commission of inquiry upon the grounding of the four French ironclads at Hyères has entirely acquitted Admiral Gervais of all blame, and censures only one of the Captains, by whose course in leading the others were misled.

The British Government ultimatum has been delivered at Caracas to the President of the Republic of Venezuela, demanding the immediate payment of a sum of money, about £12,000 or £15,000, as compensation for the wrongful arrest of the British subjects at the frontier police station of British Guiana. There has been some talk at Washington of the United States Government interfering on behalf of Venezuela; but it does not seem likely. Lord Salisbury, however, has received and replied to a communication from Mr. Olney, the American Secretary of State.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION HEIFER.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday; Sir Walter Gilbey is elected president for the year. The President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Walter Long, with several other members and officials of that board, was there on the first day. The show was the largest and one of the best that have been held. The royal farms at Windsor and Sandringham contributed fifteen entries, every one of which has won approving judicial recognition. The Queen has taken, with her beautiful "Frederica," first prize for shorthorn heifers, the £25 cup for the best shorthorn, the £50 cup for the best heifer or cow of any breed, the Champion Plate of a hundred guineas for beasts bred by exhibitor, with a gold medal and the Challenge Plate for the best of all beasts in the show. This heifer was bred at the Prince Consort's Shaw Farm, Windsor Park, her sire being "Volunteer 63,501," and her mother, "Fragrant 9th." She is not quite three years of age, and weighs 16 cwt., 23 lb. As a yearling, she won a reserve card at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Cambridge in 1894; six months ago, at the Darlington meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, she gained the first prize for two-year-olds; and at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, two weeks ago, the champion prize was awarded to her, with three challenge cups, when she was reserved for the female shorthorn championship. The Prince of Wales, with four pens of Southdown sheep, has won two first prizes, one second, and one third, with a silver cup for the best pen of that breed. The Duke of York took first prizes, with breed cups, for a red polled steer and a pen of Berkshire pigs. Their Royal Highnesses have visited the show.



THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW: "FREDERICA," THE QUEEN'S RED SHORTHORN HEIFER, 2 YEARS 10 MONTHS 2 WEEKS AND 3 DAYS OLD.
FIRST PRIZE OF CLASS, AND CHAMPION BEAST OF THE SHOW.

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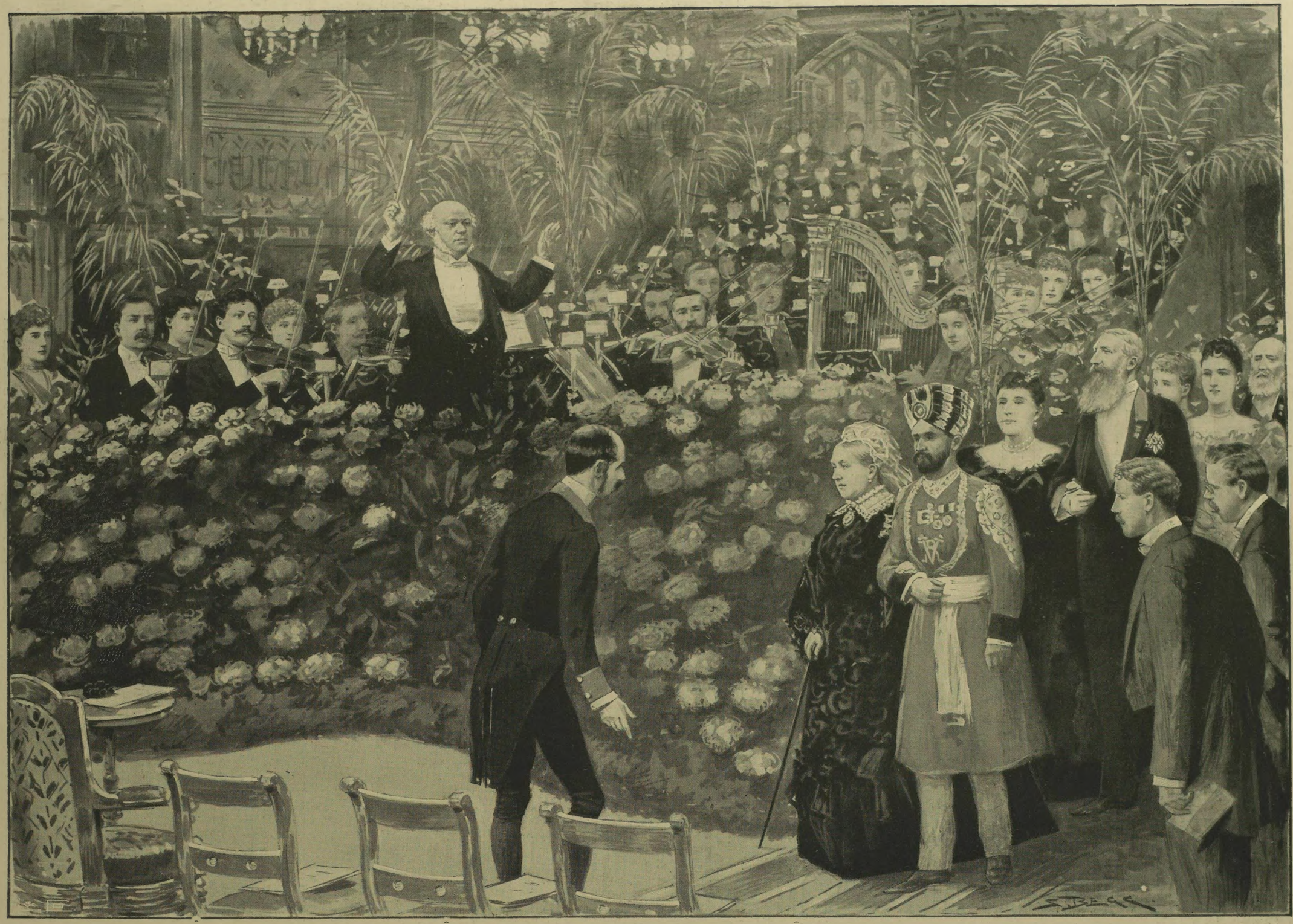
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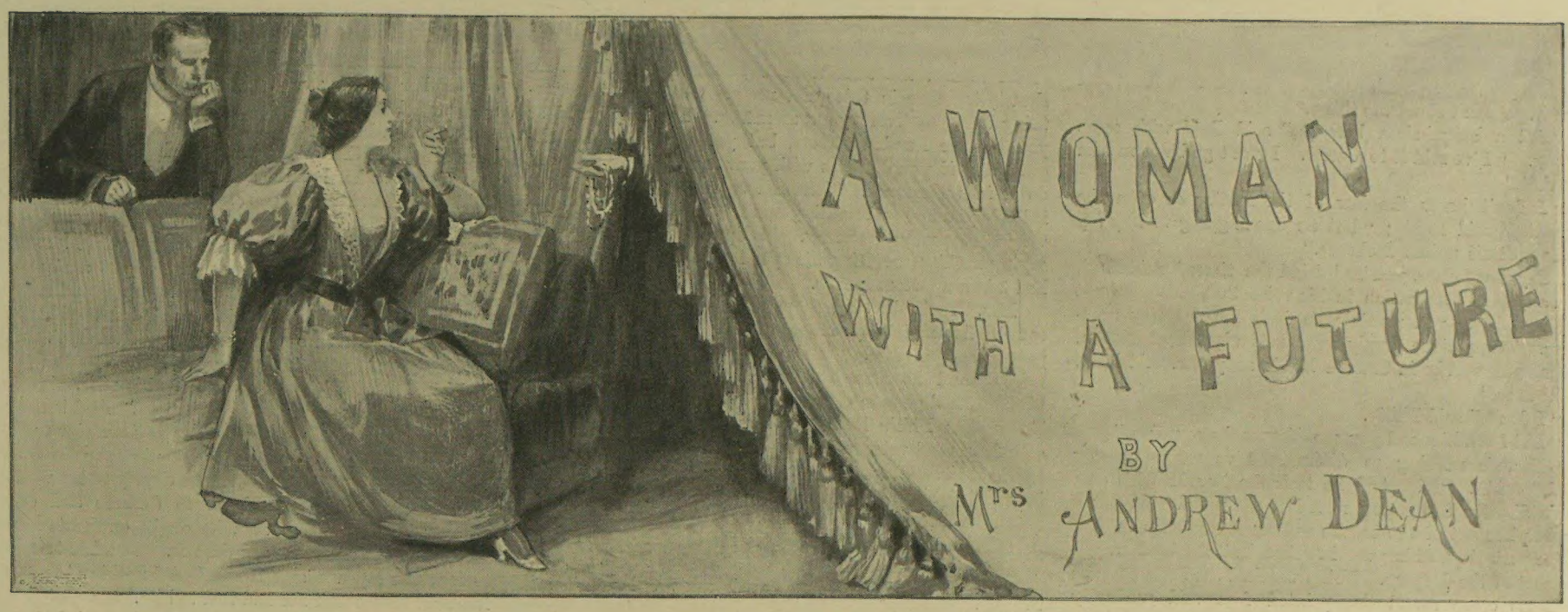
Mr. Frank Butler. Mr. Louis d'Egville. Mr. Albert Randegger.



Lord E. Pelham-Clinton.
Master of Queen's Household.

The Queen. Abdul Karim. Princess Christian. King Leopold. Princess Clémentine.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA AT WINDSOR CASTLE, DECEMBER 6.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VII.

The Westobys made a great pet of Hesperia. As the summer advanced she spent half her time with them. Very often she met Mr. Cassel at their house. When other people were there Hesperia and he used to find quiet corners; and when they were her only guests Mrs. Westoby often left them to entertain each other. She was too much engrossed with her own affairs to observe what went on under her eyes; and Paul only felt a little jealous and a good deal amused. He was glad of anything that attracted Mr. Cassel to the house. Through Mr. Cassel he had ventured on a little flutter that brought him more money in a month than he could earn by his pen in a year. And it is much less trouble to flutter than to rack the brain for uncommon adjectives. Of course, he did not take the situation seriously. He was not a bad little man, though he did write nasty stories for the *Lion's Skin*. Like Judge Brack, we are all inclined to believe that the people we know will keep on the beaten track. You may read about sensation trials and tragedies, but you do not expect your friends to figure in them.

Philip did not know that his wife and Mr. Cassel met every other day at the Westobys. Sometimes she mentioned that she had seen him, but much oftener she did not. Philip wished she would stay at home more and look after things better. When he said so, she talked about the dullness of English life, and the want of an artistic atmosphere. Some of the things she said were true, but her husband could not change his country to please her, or do much to improve it. Besides, her complaints were mere echoes, with a genuine ring when she had not been to the play for a fortnight. Of late, the Westobys constantly took her with them, until Philip began to ask where they got so many tickets.

He very rarely went near their house, but one afternoon towards the end of July he had occasion to ask for a book that Paul Westoby had borrowed some months ago. While he waited in a back room that he recognised as Paul's study, his eyes fell on an easel near the window, and on looking closer he saw that it supported the portrait of Hesperia painted by Mr. Venables before her marriage. Philip had seen it once, laughed at it, and then forgotten its existence. If he ever gave it a thought he imagined it put on a bonfire with other of the youthful artist's follies. To-day he looked at it again with greater dislike, but with rather more respect. The pose was affected, the colours were outrageous, but the likeness was cleverly caught. The lover had turned from it with half-angry laughter. The husband lingered and wondered at his former blindness. He had not seen what revealed itself to the painter boy. As he stood at the easel Paul Westoby came in.

"We'll go into the drawing-room," he said. "My mother is there and your Missus and Cassel."

"How did you get this?" asked Philip, pointing to the portrait.

"Venables sent it round before he went to Paris. I've just sold it for him—lucky devil."

"Who wants it?" said Philip quickly.

"Cassel."

The eyes of the two men met.



Philip cut a square piece out of the canvas and set it carefully on fire.

"What has he offered?"

"A hundred pounds."

Philip reflected.

"Very well," he said. "I'll give you that for it and burn it. I can't stand the thing."

"But a bargain's a bargain," said Paul with some dismay. "I've sold it to Cassel. I can't go back on him like that."

"I don't know the law of the matter or even the etiquette," said Philip; "but no one is going to buy my wife's portrait unless I choose."

"My dear fellow, you're behind the times," said Paul, with a note of compassion in his voice that Philip did not find soothing. "A man's wife isn't his property nowadays. This picture simply represents a beautiful woman, and may as well be in Cassel's hands as yours. At least, I take it so."

"I don't," said Philip.

"I'll fetch him and you can discuss the question."

"There's nothing to discuss. I've made up my mind," said Philip. And he took the law into his own hands directly the young man left the room. He cut a square piece out of the canvas and set it carefully on fire. Of the portrait, nothing was left then but the background and part of the drapery. Philip watched the little tongues of flame creep round the painted face and gradually destroy it. When he heard Paul's returning footsteps, he dropped the smouldering fragment into the grate and faced the opening door. His wife came first, followed by Mrs. Westoby, and then by the two men. They had all come to talk about the portrait, and in a moment they all saw that it had been destroyed.

"What a horrid smell of burning!" said Hesperia, and then, as her eyes fell on the ruined canvas, she gave a start of surprise. She turned towards her husband, and found Mr. Cassel close at her elbow. He looked very black.

"My dear Paul," said Mrs. Westoby; "you should have explained that the picture was sold."

"I did," said Paul sullenly. He stuck his hands in his pockets and turned his back on everyone, as if to disclaim further responsibility.

"The picture belonged to me," said Mr. Cassel.

"That's a nice point," said Philip.

"You are like the dog in the manger," said Hesperia. "You don't want the portrait yourself, and yet you won't let anyone else have it."

"It certainly has that appearance," admitted her husband.

"And poor Mr. Venables! What compensation do you offer him?"

"A hundred pounds, I believe."

Hesperia stared, more startled by this admission than by anything that had gone before it. She saw that her husband's real humour could not be as flippant as his speech made believe.

"That is all very well for Venables," said Mr. Cassel; "but what do you offer me?"

The two men measured glances.

"My apologies," said Philip. "Consider me like the dog in the manger. What is mine I keep."

Mr. Cassel shrugged his shoulders and tried to look indifferent. But he had lost his temper.

"I am glad I am not in your keeping," he said with a glance at the mutilated canvas. "Do you always destroy what doesn't please you?"

"It is seldom possible," replied Philip.

Meanwhile, his eyes had followed Hesperia. She had disappeared with Mrs. Westoby through the folding doors which opened into the drawing-room. They had been left ajar, and Philip now went past them in search of his wife. She stood in a window niche by herself.

"Are you ready to go now?" he asked. "We might walk back together."

"Very well," said Hesperia. "But I am coming here to dine and go to the theatre."

"Can't you get out of it?"

"I don't want to. There is nothing to do at home."

As she spoke Mrs. Westoby reappeared. Hesperia went up to her with a significant air and held out her hand.

"I shall be back in an hour," she said.

Mrs. Westoby looked puzzled as Philip observed this.

"I think Hesperia should stay at home to-night," he said. "She seems tired."

"I wish I could stay at home," said Mrs. Westoby. "I've got to dine at that beastly club and read a paper afterwards."

Philip glanced at his wife. She turned very red.

"I had promised to dine with Paul and go to the Gaiety afterwards," she said plaintively. "I look on Paul as a maiden aunt."

"Poor Paul!" said his mother. "Then am I to tell him you won't turn up?"

"Yes, please," said Philip, after waiting in vain for his wife to reply. When he replied she walked out of the room, her head in the air.

As they passed Mrs. Troy's house Philip said that he would like to call there, and for once Hesperia made no objection. Indeed, she had not opened her mouth yet. Her cheeks were hot and her eyes alight with indignation. Still preserving an electric silence, she followed the maid upstairs to the little first-floor drawing-room. Mrs. Troy was out, but would certainly return in a few minutes; so Philip had said they would wait.

Of course, the tension grew greater when they were shut in together in this quiet room. Out of doors everything helps to divert your attention. You may brood as you traverse London streets, but you must keep a lookout; and if you disagree with your companion you must do it in undertones. There the world has not shrunk till it holds you two and nothing more. Inside the house your very silence may be stormy. Philip walked up and down, saying nothing, averting his eyes from his wife. Hesperia had taken up a newspaper.

Mrs. Troy's drawing-room was full of sweet common country flowers to-day; roses and sweet-williams and sweet-peas and mignonette. The sun had left the room—the blinds were up and the French windows set wide open. A great black cat had gone to sleep on the balcony, and only blinked lazily when Philip looked at him. Mrs. Troy's knitting and the second volume of "Rob Roy" lay on a table close to her chair. Generally it rested Philip to be in the rather bare old-fashioned room, but to-day the tranquil spirit of it could not touch him. His anger gathered and grew.

"How often have you been to the theatre without Mrs. Westoby?" he said suddenly.

"I don't keep a diary, so I can't tell you," said Hesperia.

"Put down that paper, please, and answer in a different tone. Have you ever been to the theatre with Paul only, without Mr. Cassel?"

"I can't remember."

"When you go with the two men does Mr. Cassel pay for the seats?"

"You had better ask him."

"I prefer to ask you. Answer."

"I know nothing about it."

Philip did not believe her. But to ask his wife questions and to show that he distrusted her replies would make a breach that time itself could hardly mend. One thing he still desired to know—

"Have you ever been with Cassel and no one else?"

Hesperia broke down—in angry tears.

"I can take care of myself," she said, in a voice of indignant agitation. "I shall do as I choose."

She started from her chair and took a step towards the door, but her husband stood near and caught her by the hand.

"In future," he said, "we will go to the theatre together as often as we can, and that must content you. You are never to go with anyone else again unless I know about it."

"Nonsense!" began Hesperia angrily; "those days are over." But her voice and manner weakened; her eyes fell before her husband's greater determination.

"And Mr. Cassel is to be dropped," continued Philip. "I don't like the man, and I won't have him in the house."

"It is intolerable," cried Hesperia, wrenching her hand free. "I am of to-day, and you are a century behind. How can we get on together?"

"We had better try," said Philip gravely. "And you had better not fight me. You won't win."

Hesperia began to cry again.

"You expect me to give up everything—to lead a life like this," and she contemptuously flung out her hand at Mrs. Troy's plain room.

"What is it you want?" said Philip.

"To enjoy myself. I hate England. Life here is so dull and ugly."

Philip laughed with a sense of relief. "I can't change my country to please you," he said impatiently. "Don't be a goose, Hesperia." He began to think he had perhaps been too hard—taken her too seriously. A goose will cackle.

Before Hesperia could speak again Mrs. Troy came in rather flustered because her visitors had been kept waiting. She hardly noticed the signs of disturbance in her daughter-in-law's face. She had a great deal to say to her son about some of their Devonshire friends who were coming to live in London; and then, after a pause, a new idea seemed to strike her.

"Does your Mr. Cassel live near here?" she asked. "I constantly see him go past."

"He lives at the Métropole," said Philip. "When you see him he is probably on his way to the Westobys'."

"He must be very fond of them: I see him so often," said Mrs. Troy.

Philip looked at his watch and got up. His face had hardened again, and as he walked home beside his wife he did not speak to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is very trying to hold really advanced views and to live with people who are hide-bound, especially when convention and circumstance allow these laggards an inconvenient control over your actions. Hesperia prided herself on the breadth of her adopted opinions, but she could not convert Philip to any one of them. He laughed at what he called her *Lion Skin* morals, told her to distinguish between liberty and license, between tomfoolery and art. She had suffered from his want of sympathy; but from time immemorial women of quick wits and sensitive souls have suffered from the duller understanding of their mates, and Hesperia had not been chafed by her mental isolation in marriage as long as she felt that it added to the poetry of her position in the eyes of her friends; and, at any rate, she had done what she listed, believed what she would.

But when Philip roused and laid down the law his wife began to think there must be something rotten in a system that presses so hard on the amusements of a pretty woman. To be hindered from going to the theatre, to have a fascinating flirtation stamped out in this high-handed fashion! Who would support such treatment? and, still more difficult question, how could she put a stop to it? For Philip showed himself resolute. He would not have Mr. Cassel invited to the house, and he would not let Hesperia go as often as she used to the Westobys'. He did not carry either point without scenes.

Philip blamed himself as well as his wife. He ought to have seen sooner what was going on. And because he had gone to sleep at his post he tried in various ways to make up to Hesperia for the inconveniences arising when he woke up. He stuck rather less closely to his work; he accompanied her like a lamb to dinners and evening parties; he spent more than he ought on theatre tickets. But his efforts did not mend the rift. It takes two people to conclude a peace, and Hesperia did nothing to make her husband forget that she had lied to him.

Meanwhile Mrs. Troy wondered and worried about her son. She knew by this time that Hesperia did not regard marriage as a check on the pleasant habit of indiscriminate flirtation, and that her little affairs were not mere airy nonsense, but rather absorbing sentiments, any stage of which might well offend her husband. She had watched her try to take Dr. Clavering by storm with a sprained wrist and a petunia tea-gown; she had heard her chatter slip-slop to Paul Westoby; she felt sure since the other afternoon that she had given Philip a piece of disagreeable information about Mr. Cassel. Mrs. Troy did not know whether to be glad or sorry that she had spoken. She had done so without motive or suspicion, but as the words left her lips she had seen that they startled and angered her son. The thought of him lay heavy on her mind. His troubles were common enough; but when death comes we fear it, though everyone must die; and to be pitched out of the same boat with one's fellows hardly allays a drowning pang.

One Sunday evening, after church, Mrs. Troy determined to go and see her son. A longer time than usual had passed without communication between the two households, and unless they had changed their plans, she thought that Philip and his wife must soon mean to start for Switzerland. She found Hesperia in the drawing-room, gaping with *ennui*.

"I have not been out all day, or seen a human being," she grumbled.

"I suppose you have seen Philip," said Mrs. Troy.

Hesperia smiled at her mother-in-law's tone, and arranged a big silk pillow so that she could loll further back in her chair.

"Don't you find church a bore in this hot weather?" she said. She took up a bottle of salts and sniffed at it. She pulled her skirts a little higher, and crossed her feet, showing a good deal of transparent stocking. She had wished and wished that someone would come to see her. What was the good of looking as she looked and dressing as she dressed if no one sat there to admire! And now this tiresome old person had arrived. Hesperia did not feel inclined to entertain old persons. She had been reading about a young married woman who never moved without a crowd of admirers and never spoke except in brilliant and amorous dialogue with an adoring young man. It is tantalising to read of a lot for which nature has formed you but from which circumstances shut you out. Hesperia yawned behind the back of her hand and pulled her skirt an inch higher from her ankles.

"We leave for Switzerland to-morrow night," she said presently.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Troy, quite startled; "then you must be very busy."

"Do I look like it?"

"But you must have a great deal to do."

"When the shops are shut?"

"But your packing—and the house——"

"We leave the house here."

Mrs. Troy resented her daughter-in-law's impertinent tone, but she made no audible comment on it. The housekeeping corner of her mind occupied itself for a short time with the little matters Hesperia ought to superintend, the instructions she ought to give before leaving home. Then Philip came in and diverted her attention. He had meant to call at her house later that evening, he said, and bid her good-bye.

"Suppose you walk back with me now," said Mrs. Troy, getting up and dropping her spectacle-case as she did so. Philip helped her hunt for it, and Hesperia irritably held her breath till it was found. People who drop things and then search the room for them in a fluster are so upsetting.

"Will you come with us, Hesperia?" asked Philip.

"No thank you," said she, and as they left the room she took up her novel again with a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Troy walked beside her son and tried to gather

from his face and manner what she wanted to know. When she parted from him she felt a little comforted. He assured her that he had not lost his appetite; talked about next day's journey, and gave her an address for letters. He mentioned that there was good cooking at the mountain inn where they meant to make their first halt, and he offered to send her some Alpine plants, an offer she refused with vivacity. How could she keep them alive in a London square?

But when you hear of people leading their usual humdrum daily lives it is easy to hope that all is pretty well with them. Mrs. Troy thought an autumn holiday might do a good deal for Philip and his wife. She looked out eagerly for letters and tried to persuade herself that she could judge of her son's spirits from his description of hotels and scenery.

Until this autumn Philip had not been out of England since his marriage a year and a half ago. Since the early days of their acquaintance he had not seen Hesperia in the surroundings she really liked—the buzz and glitter of a big hotel. The life did not help to unite them. Philip went to Switzerland to walk, to wear comfortable old clothes, to get blistered and well and happy. Hesperia put on her fashionable gowns and sat about the hotel gardens twittering to the so-so young men who shared her tastes and admired her profile. The women she tacked to her party were, like herself, showy in appearance and fond of exhibiting a flirtation. When Philip was thrown into the company of his wife's friends, he asked himself what he did in such a galley. As much as possible he avoided them; but sometimes their laughter reached him—sometimes he heard their chaff, which was dull, or their sentiments, which were silly. When he came across people he liked, he found, as he had long since found at home, that between the friends of his choice and the wife of his choice no cordial intercourse arose. Hesperia said she did not care for frumps; and she certainly did not show to advantage in the society of persons who were more fastidious about manner and breeding than about wearing magenta roses the moment they came into fashion again. She begged Philip to go his way and to let her go hers. She said that she could not endure the Englishman's habit of thinking that his wife's mind and soul were his property, that he had a right to control her tastes, her friends, her opinions, her very speech. She thought the time had come when women should revolt against this ignoble slavery. She vowed she would not leave Grünegg a day sooner because Philip objected to her moonlight ramble with Mr. Sventsyany. She claimed complete liberty of action, and she wondered any man with the ordinary record. . . . Mr. Sventsyany had been explaining his social and political ideas to her last night, and in the heat of discussion they had lost their way. But it had certainly not struck eleven when they returned. Philip's watch must have been wrong. Mr. Sventsyany was, she admitted, a man of broad and genial principles. He was as courageous as Paul Westoby, and more mature. One day his wife had confessed that she adored someone else, and he had given the young couple his blessing and let them go. Generous, high-souled creature! He described their transports and their gratitude with tears in his eyes.

Philip had lately adopted a provoking habit of turning silent when his wife wished him to join in what she called discussion. She could remember the time when he treated her differently—when he had been eager to hear her ideas and ready to explain his own, and she suspected that his present behaviour was not flattering. This afternoon, for instance, after telling her that they had better leave Grünegg next day, he sat down and studied maps and guide-books. To her objections he hardly replied; at her invective he almost yawned.

When he had made out their route he took up an English review and fluttered through the contents, but while he did so he observed his wife. She put on a gown and hat that would have looked suitable at Ascot, and, after powdering her face, arranging her veil, and perfuming her hands she came away from the toilet-table. The room was littered with her belongings.

"I am going for a walk," she said.

Philip looked at her high-heeled brown boots, at her chiffon parasol, at her light gloves.

"Don't come in late for dinner again," he replied.

"What are you going to do?"



Hesperia held the oars, and kept the boat in its place. As Philip passed, Sventsyany recognised him and took off his hat.

"Give orders about our start to-morrow and then pack up."

"What folly!"

"You have forgotten to wipe the powder off your face. It lies on your cheek like flour on unbaked pastry."

Hesperia took up a hand-glass and put it down again.

"I don't mind," she said. "Do you?"

She did not wait for an answer, but ran downstairs, and a little later Philip saw her leave the house with the man to whose impudent attentions he objected. He looked at his review again, but could not occupy his mind with it. As he packed his portmanteau he felt angry and desolate. If a friend flouts you, you take your pride in your hands and let him go; but the responsibilities of husband and wife towards each other are so delicate and serious. You cannot whistle your mate to the winds as long as there is any hope of salvation. Hesperia had gone down-hill in her behaviour since she came abroad. Philip used to think of stories about savages, who, after years of civilisation, return to their native land and become savages again. The mixed mob of a big hotel, the tawdry trappings, the public meals, all delighted her. She never yawned of evenings now that she could wander about the garden with a man she had not married, or gather a noisy group close to her in a corner of the hall.

Of course, Philip was not getting much good out of his holiday. He took long solitary mountain rambles. Sometimes he accepted companionship, whipped up his spirits, vowed, though his wife proved wanting, that life still offered cakes and ale. He was in a position to test the truth of the popular belief that men are less dependent than women on their affections and their home. He still had his work, his mother, some money, health, the whole world. Could one disappointing woman set herself against all these and weigh down the balance? Well! can one wound make the whole body ache? Most of us know.

This afternoon when he had packed his portmanteau and given orders for next day's start he went out for a stroll. But he covered the ground quickly, and he was high up on a mountain-path well away from the village when he most unexpectedly met Clavering, a knapsack on his back, dust on his boots, and the glow of open air and sunshine all over him. At the edge of a pinewood, on a bare bit of hillside, the two friends sat down to smoke and watch the sun set on the snow. Clavering tried to persuade Philip to stay and do some big walks with him.

"Your wife doesn't walk, does she?" he said.

"No."

"What have you been doing then? Sitting about hotel gardens? You look wretched."

"So I am."

The words were spoken in so low a tone, and were so smothered by Philip's heavy moustache, that they only just reached Clavering. But he did hear them. Philip was lying on the grass with one hand under his head, his eyes wide open, and staring at the cool evening sky.

Clavering puffed away at his pipe, and looked pensively across the valley towards the snow-peaks.

"You got rid of that fellow Cassel," he said, after a considerable pause.

Philip started a little.

"Oh, yes. I couldn't stand the sight of him. In the end I had to tell my wife he must not come to the house any more."

"He is not at your hotel here?"

"No, but—look here, Clavering, there's another man here—worse still. And, of course, one can't turn him out of the hotel. So we are going. We must be off to-morrow."

Clavering hesitated a moment. Then he said, "Shall I come with you?"

"Why should we spoil your holiday? You want to walk from here."

"I want to walk with you," said Clavering. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in his pocket, and got up. From the valley the tinkle of cow-bells reached them. The sun had set, but its glow still lingered in the sky. The snow-peaks were no longer flushed with colour, and the fields had lost their radiance. The pinewood behind the two men looked gloomy and cold. They descended the hill-side quickly, and took their way to the hotel by a path that skirted the lake and was shaded by trees. Sometimes it left the water a little, and sometimes it followed the bank closely. They met no other walkers, but in a tiny tree-fringed bay they came suddenly upon a boat lying idly near the shore. There were two people in it—Hesperia and a beautiful young man with curly hair and melting eyes. You would have sworn as you brushed by him in the street that he had a tenor voice and an unpronounceable name. His necktie proclaimed it as loudly as his air and his want of muscle. Hesperia held the oars, and kept the boat in its place. The sleepy splash of her slow, lazy strokes reached the two men passing along the banks. Mr. Sventsyany lay at her feet and smoked a cigarette. At one point there were no trees at the edge of the water for a few yards, and as Philip passed the singer recognised him and took off his hat.

Clavering saw his friend's face set and darken. Neither of the men spoke again before they got to the hotel.

(To be continued.)



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, LL.D., D.C.L., M.P. FOR DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

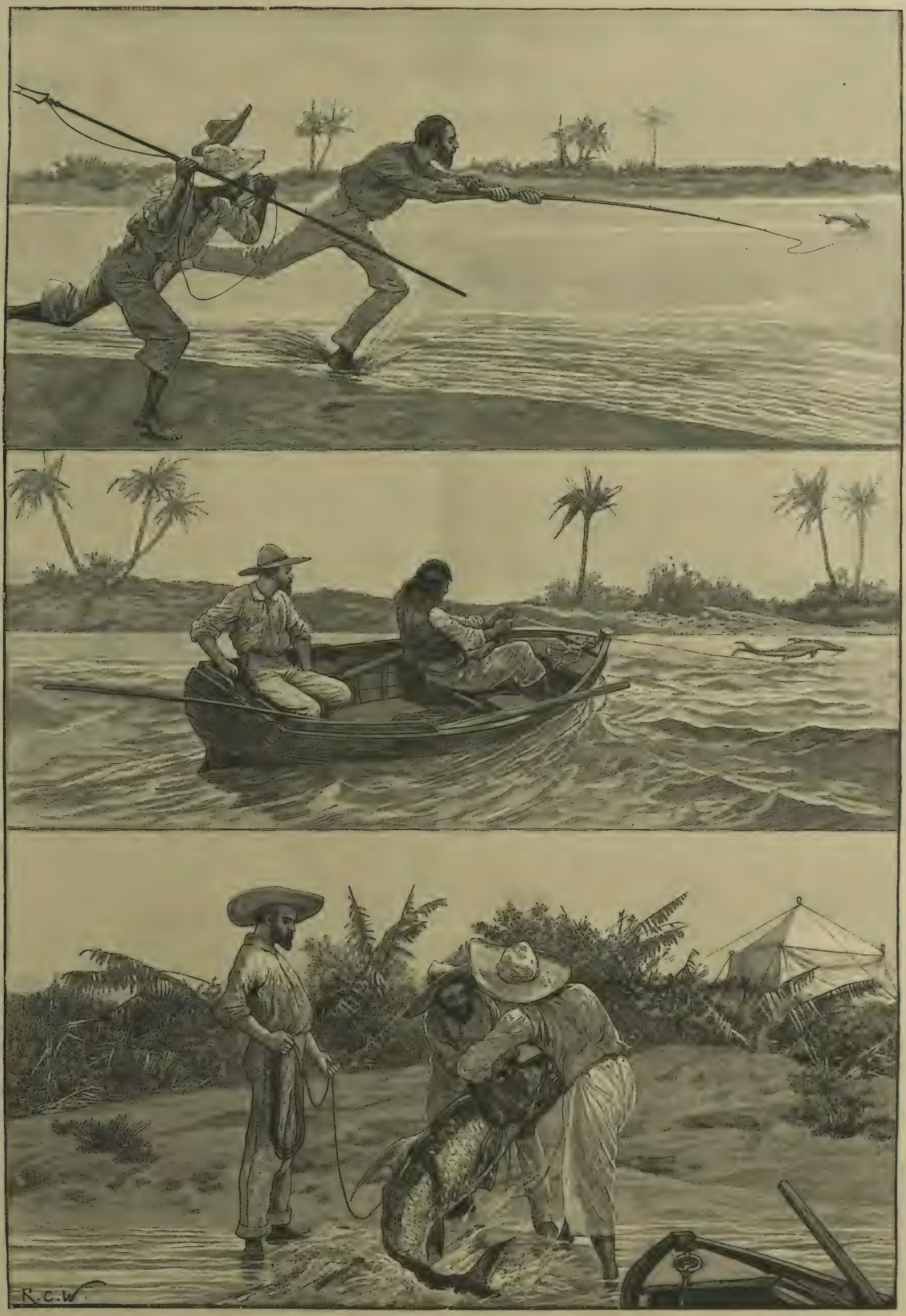
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

After a somewhat stormily contested election, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the Liberal Unionist candidate, has been returned by the substantial majority of 746 votes for the Dublin University seat in the House of Commons, vacated by the elevation of Mr. David Plunket to the Peerage. The University is certainly to be congratulated on the result of the poll. The contest has been one of considerable interest, owing to the nature of the principle at stake. The primary object of the Parliamentary representation of the Universities is the return of members of special culture and intellectual distinction. The election of a man of such brilliant accomplishment as Mr. Lecky was therefore much to be desired.

For more than a generation Irish lawyers have maintained a monopoly of the seat, and the partisanship displayed during the recent poll was sufficient proof of the extent to which the constituency was regarded as their peculiar preserve. The turbulence of unenfranchised undergraduates may not mean much more than a youthful love of combat; but the more deliberate attack upon Mr. Lecky's religious opinions is to be regretted as a somewhat undignified piece of electioneering.

Mr. William Edward Hartpole Lecky is a son of Mr. J. H. Lecky, of Longford Terrace, county Dublin, and was born at Newton Park, near Dublin, March 26, 1838. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, after having distinguished himself chiefly as an orator, in which capacity he won the Royal Society's Gold Medal against such rivals as Lord Ashbourne, the new Lord Rathmore, and Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. His first published work was "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," which appeared anonymously in 1861. He has since become famous as the author of "The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," "A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," and "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century." In the most recent edition of the last named, the five latter volumes are devoted to an exhaustive study of Irish affairs down to the Addington Ministry. This section of Mr. Lecky's work alone would have sufficed to fit him for his new position. He has also published a small volume of verse.

Mr. Lecky is an Hon. LL.D. of the Universities of Dublin and St. Andrews, Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and Hon. Litt. D. of Cambridge. He is also a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. He is married to a daughter of Baron de Dedem, Lieutenant-General in the Dutch Army. Mr. Lecky was at one time a Home Ruler, but since 1886 has given his support to the Liberal Unionists.



TARPON-FISHING IN A FLORIDA RIVER.

LITERATURE.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S NEW BOOK.

The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. (Archibald Constable and Co.)—This brilliant and painful book has such a vitality as nothing can hinder, or, rather, such a vitality as all things serve. It is a flame to which all that might have hindered does but minister. There is no intricacy, there is no labour, there is no accumulation that does not pass up into that flame of life and make it more swift and erect. Artificial words—and Mr. Meredith's are full of extreme artifice—must needs have made a lesser life than the life of his work to languish and pause. This vitality is the chief thing. Intellect, beauty, drama, hesitating narrative, turns and returns of thought—all pass into the springing and beating flame. As for the dramatic mental action of the story, readers of "The Egoist" are aware of the way in which a single sentence is made in this author's pages to reflect, to face itself, to reply; and the words at the same time are full of images. You might liken the phrase to a stream flowing westward and taking the colours of the westward aspect, while the innumerable little waves beat backwards and reflect the spaces of the upper sky, the chill blue of the east, the shadows of the forest, and the needles of the early stars; all flies one way, but with a score of aspects as it flies. Or, again, the thought of the thinker and the speaker in his drama of passions seems to reflect itself like a mirror that faces a mirror. You look and know not whether you see a certain thing reflected directly or for the third time; nor how many times, visibly, the shuttlecock of thought is returned by opposing shocks. The men and women of the book stand so, considering; and the author's record has the same kind of multiplicity. The reflection of mirrors takes no time, the reflection of motives little, the narrative more; but the suggestion, at least, of instantaneousness is given in the long phrase that includes so many actions of the mind.

Seldom has a more poignant story been told, for the pathos is the effect of cruelties. And not only are noble creatures followed in their deliberations between life and death by the social laughter of the ignoble, but Mr. Meredith himself distresses us by the importunate injustice of this perpetual commentary. Was London, indeed, in the years between Byron and the first railway, so intent upon one story, and so foolishly unkind? And was it so impossible for anyone to be unconscious of the clamour, but that a passionate novelist must pause to catch its echoes continually? He hurts us effectually enough.

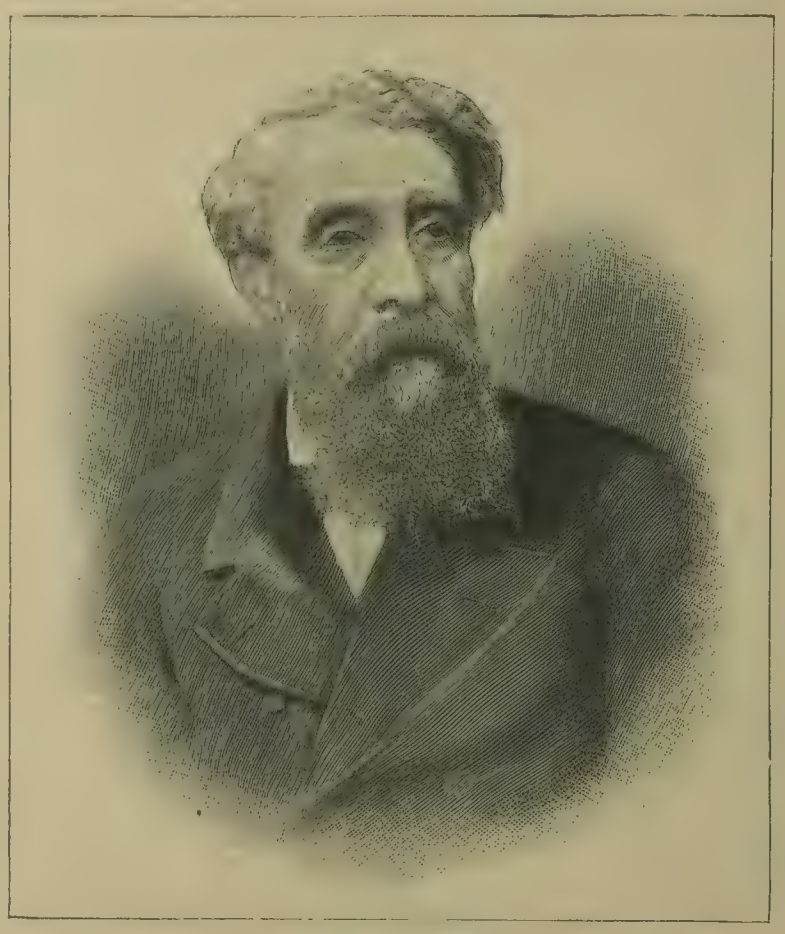
Carinthia, who is one of the greatest women of Mr. Meredith's invention, is the daughter of a Beauty whose story is told with the levity of retrospection in the Prologue. For love of an Old Buccaneer, that Beauty had thrown her word of honour to the winds and had fled from her husband, who was a fool, to make, in time, a pious wife to a wise man. She and her mate die broken-hearted—the one for grief at her son's shame of her story, the other for the loss of her. Their daughter is a mountain maid, who is nothing at the outset but loyal and simple, with all the divine promises, closed in those two qualities in an implicit state, to be kept in time. To her in her first ball-room the amazing marriage is proposed by Lord Fleetwood, the richest nobleman of a day when nobleman was a word in use—a young tyrant, with England, philosophy, the ring, the race-course, a company of gamblers, all circling round his purse and his patronage. One thing he cannot have—the hand of Henrietta, who has given her rather corruptible heart to Carinthia's brother. In the extravagance of his disappointment Lord Fleetwood asks Carinthia, as an incident of the dance, to be his wife. It is nothing incredible to her, and she accepts him. He lets time pass, absents himself, and finally asks her, by a message intended to win him his freedom, whether she means to bind him to his engagement. The question is passed on to her, but not the insult; and she simply replies "Yes," and marries him. Lord Fleetwood thinks himself authorised to avenge himself—to avenge men, women, liberty, poetry, romance, and love—upon a creature so insensitive.

And never was anything devised more over-whelmingly painful than the young bride's wedding day on the box seat of her lord's coach. He takes her to a prize-fight (a fine passage of the author's work, but the fine passages are continuous), drives away to a ball, and leaves her at an inn. There is a secret heart of love in the bitter story, but it is only by degrees that the last grief of the gentle and indignant bride is told. He leaves her again—for ever, as it proves. She lies forsaken at the country inn, then flies to her maid's little home in a Whitechapel street. And the Whitechapel Countess's pursuit of her husband becomes the theme of the not quite credible, not quite important gossip in the West, and of broad-sheet ballads in the East. Carinthia is wise, warlike, good, selfless, simple when her ignorance is gone, and loyal after her illusions. Through all the slow changes of her fate she holds on, grave after her agony, until it is her lord who would give much more than life for leave to woo her whom he had once won. But it is too late. And Mr. Meredith uses accident cruelly, as fate does, to make the lateness fatal. It is not by a true refusal that Carinthia finally rejects her husband. He had done two half-hearted evil things, and never was able to tell her that he was half innocent; and she sails away when he is hurrying to the shore and returns when he is a Carthusian—an impossible Carthusian. It is an amazing book; and yet the word amazing is wrong enough. In order to express surprise we use a word which would mean that we are stupefied; whereas Mr. Meredith's work almost confers genius. ALICE MEYNELL.

SIR JOSEPH CROWE'S REMINISCENCES.

Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years of My Life. By Sir Joseph Crowe, K.C.M.G., C.B. (John Murray.)—When Sir Joseph Crowe resolved on becoming autobiographical it was at the call of his wife and children. He intended to write for them a "short chronological summary" of his life. But it "expanded into an account," he says, "of historical events with which I was connected"; and he asks "indulgence for those parts of my reminiscences which may appear to have most interest for friends." The indulgence really needed is of quite a different kind. A great deal of the "account of historical events," his connection with which was purely that of a journalistic observer and reporter, the "general reader" would willingly have spared. Sir Joseph Crowe is often interesting when he speaks of himself and his associates during a very varied career, the story of which, however, is told with too much detail and at too great length. Altogether, the volume would have been twice as good if it had been half as long.

Crowe's early years were passed in Paris, where his father, the late Eyre Evans Crowe, well known in his day as a journalist and a man of letters, was correspondent of the Whig *Morning Chronicle*. Among the friends and frequent visitors of the family was Thackeray, who long afterwards was helpful to the man whom he had known as a boy. Joseph early developed a love of drawing, and was so bent on cultivating his taste for it that his father placed him in the *atelier* of the famous Paul Delaroche, his lively account of which it might be interesting to compare with the sketches of Paris *atelier*-life in "Trilby." The elder Crowe



SIR JOSEPH CROWE.

migrated to London, where he was ultimately foreign editor of the *Daily News*, and in time Joseph rose to be its foreign sub-editor; the father becoming in the former capacity rather intimate with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Meanwhile the young man had been steadily sketching and painting, and during his holidays studying in Continental art galleries, where he was specially attracted by the works of the early Flemish painters. During one of these expeditions he made the acquaintance of a wandering Italian artist, Cavacaselle, who co-operated with him many years afterwards in the production of their well-known biographies of Titian and Raphael. Crowe had some painful experiences of the vicissitudes of London journalism when at last his and his father's connection with the *Daily News* suddenly terminated. On the breaking out of the Crimean War, Thackeray, who wielded the pencil as well as the pen, was asked to proceed to the East and supply this Journal with sketches and letters. He declined, but recommended Crowe, who was accepted, and who, with intermissions, was one of the artists and correspondents of *The Illustrated London News* in the Crimea until the fall of Sebastopol. With the close of the war he returned home, and at last succeeded in finding in the late Mr. John Murray a publisher for the book on "Early Flemish Painters," which had long occupied him, and of the defects of which he speaks with a modesty rare among authors. It brought profit neither to publisher nor author, and Crowe was glad to accept the post of superintendent of a school of art in Bombay. The Indian Mutiny broke out, and Crowe became an Anglo-Indian correspondent of the *Times*, which, when he was driven home again by ill-health, sent him to Italy as one of its correspondents during the Franco-Italian War. Partly for his father's sake, Lord John Russell afterwards entrusted him with a confidential and quasi-political mission to Germany. His reports pleased not only Lord John but the Prince Consort, the favourable notice of whose brother, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a zealous promoter of German Federation under the headship of Prussia, Crowe had attracted during his mission. The result was his appointment, at the age of thirty-five, to be Consul-General at Leipsic—a secure resting-place after his many wanderings.

Such a career as has been here briefly sketched could not fail to furnish interesting material for an autobiographer. For the "general reader" some of the most attractive portions of the book are the descriptions of two very different regions. One is London journalism and Bohemia forty or fifty years ago, of the denizens of which, grave and gay, lively and severe, many traits and anecdotes are given. The other is the Crimea, which has yielded Sir Joseph Crowe a host of pen-and-ink sketches of life and death in camp and field. The story of his own hardships, perils, and hair-breadth escapes from shot and shell, is told unaffectedly and modestly. Much of the volume is both readable and interesting. FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

THE TEACHERS OF THE BARBARIANS.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert. With an Introduction by the Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. In six volumes. (J. C. Nimmo.)—This is a graceful and spirited rendering of a famous book, on the making of which Montalembert spent twenty years. No Englishman but must admire the man, so picturesque and Crusader-like, with his love of liberty, his enthusiasm for progress in the largest sense of the word, and his incessant struggle against the principles of the Second Empire long before it fell with a crash at Sedan. These half-dozen volumes, indeed, which have Monasticism for their theme, may not appeal, at first sight, to the modern reader who calls himself enlightened and progressive. Yet they certainly do to the poet, the historian, the lover of folk-lore, the dilettante charmed with mediæval Latin, the archæologist, and the student of character. Some vulgar prejudices they annihilate; some heroes unknown to the people and the country for whose sake the men lived and died they raise into clear light to be studied at leisure. And though a German would have been ever so much less interesting than Montalembert, he would not, on the whole, have proved more accurate. The style, loose flowing, a little declamatory, is, of course, French; the book, in spite of the translator's skill and the author's evident liking for our institutions, could never be called English. It is, however, none the worse for that. Why must we see the world always through the same pair of spectacles? And the monks were cosmopolitan—they overran the nations from Persia to Ireland; they made Europe into Christendom; and from them we have inherited classical antiquity. To deal with them merely on the English scale would have been misleading and unjust.

The plan of the work is as large as it is simple. Montalembert detested despotism, whether old or new; and, like many other Christians, he thought the alliance between the Church and Constantine's successors a thing unhallowed. To Roman law he preferred Teutonic freedom. The Barbarians were a noble race, who swept away an effete and corrupting civilisation. But they needed the Gospel. Who brought it to them? There is only one answer, if we consult history—the monks. In the East, Basil; in the West, Gregory the Great; in Ireland and the British Isles generally, Patrick, Columba, Augustine; in France, Columbanus; in Germany, the English Winfred or Boniface. All these were monks, trained upon a severe rule, and equal to every task, from ploughing and building to copying Greek or Latin manuscripts. Montalembert tells the story of their lives with a painter's touch, laying on the colours delicately, and reproducing from old chronicles a thousand legends in which the romance gives the spirit of those true adventures and conquests that turned the hardy Pagans into sincere though wilful and robust Christians. He is great on the Celtic missionaries, with their two Columbas, at Iona and Luxeuil; and here his volumes abound in piquant, or humorous, or prehistoric strokes, most entertaining and original. But he brings out the imperial Roman element in Monasticism, also, which finally subdued the Celt. St. Wilfrid of York is a notable figure in his gallery; still more so is Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., who shaped the latter Middle Ages into one immense but organic whole, and enabled the West to pour out its myriads upon Palestine and Egypt.

Whatever be our view of the ascetic doctrines which lay at the root of Monasticism, all this makes a splendid moving scene; rather, it is a succession of scenes, with many actors, stern and fierce or tender-hearted, refined, and self-denying. The women are as grand as the men; they vie with them in erudition; they govern principalities; they suffer martyrdom with a smile. It is one of the most enthralling—as surely it is the most peculiar—of all the movements upon which the human spirit has thrown itself. Montalembert did not live to complete his undertaking, happily for him. He would have been called on to paint the decline and fall of that world-wide institution, the ideals and triumphs of which set his heart on fire. And being the candid witness we know in these pages, he would have done it; he makes provision even here for doing it. Had the monasteries kept their freedom, he says, despite worldly prelates and grasping monarchs, they would never have gone down. He believed in self-government. This great store of facts and examples from history is meant to enforce that much-needed lesson. Like Dante, the son of the Crusades would have men rule themselves, and not wait upon earthly masters. His monks preach this gospel, and it is well worth listening to.—WILLIAM BARRY.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

EIGHTH LETTER.

FROM HANNAN'S TO THE GREAT FINGALL.

Were I asked which place, from an artistic point of view, I should prefer if forced to pass my life in the Gobi Desert or the West Australian Bush, I should, I fancy, without hesitation give the preference to the Asiatic plateau, in spite of its desolate monotony of flat unrelieved plain; for there at least one has wide vistas of horizon, and here and there occasional variety of scenery to relieve the eye, while there is always a chance of sport to help to beguile the tedium of the wearisome day; whereas here, in this dreary portion of the Great Australian Continent, the aspect of the country offers one endless succession of the same effects of bush and scrub without hardly ever a vestige of life of any sort to break the eternal stillness, which after a few days weighs upon one like a pall. Till I came out to Western Australia, I had, from an artistic point of view, looked upon trees as valuable and indispensable accessories to landscape effects. My trip from the coast to Coolgardie somewhat modified these preconceived ideas; and now, after three weeks spent in the actual "bush," I have been forced to the conclusion that too many trees, like *trop de pâté d'anguille*, end by becoming absolutely nauseating.



OFF TO THE GREAT FINGALL MINE.

In a previous letter I gave you an account of my visit to the White Feather gold-field. That locality, situated some thirty-six miles from Coolgardie, was the limit of the short trips one could make when using that centre as one's base of operations. I had decided to make a sort of tour of the entire district, and to visit the most interesting and best known of the many outlying camps, which extend as far north as Mount Margaret, and to return viâ Niagara and Menzies; for with the advent of the railway to Hannan's, in a few months things are certain to "hum" in what are now distant and isolated "blocks," where, however, I learn gold is as plentiful as anywhere else on the fields.

It was, therefore, to a certain extent with the idea of verifying all these *couleur-de-rose* reports that I made up my mind to "rough it" for a few weeks in order to see for myself what was really going on. The hospitality and great kindness which appear to be so innate a feature in the Western Australian character again asserted themselves as soon as my intentions were known. I was busy arranging for the camels which would be necessary for my proposed expedition, when the genial Warden of Hannan's, Mr. M. H. Jephson, insisted on my accepting the loan of his buggy and team. The offer was made in so generous a spirit that there was no refusing it, and when, almost immediately after, another of my newly made friends came forward with the proffer of his "ship of the desert," I felt that my cup of happiness, if the knowledge of the goodwill of men towards one is any evidence, was indeed overflowing. Although these camels can carry as much as four to five hundredweight apiece for long distances, and our baggage, even with the necessary tinned and other provisions and water-barrels, did not amount to anything like the weight I had, as it were, at my disposal, I considered it best to be on the safe side; and, so as not to run any risk of a break-down while far away from assistance, decided to hire a couple more animals, so that whatever might happen in the way of an ordinary accident, there need be no delay on the road. I had been advised to purchase any camels I might require, but I discovered that the market value of them fluctuates so considerably—more especially when it is a question of re-selling—that I decided not to chance it. At the time of my visit camels could be hired in Coolgardie at the rate of £1 per day for riding, and 12s. 6d. for pack camels, a big deposit being usually demanded on each one besides. A good fast animal for riding purposes cost about £70, as against £30 to £40 for the pack animals. The provisions for the journey required careful deliberation, for we were about to leave "stores" and other such places where supplies could be obtained, and for some time would be subsisting only on what we were carrying with us. These necessities naturally took the form of tinned meats—"tinned dog," as all the various preparations of beef and mutton are in the bush humorously, though it is to be hoped not presciently, designated, and which, supplemented by such creature comforts as a case of Bovril, tinned vegetables, preserved fruit, plum puddings, and Crosse and Blackwell's jam, made up a sufficiently satisfying if not altogether specimen larder.

Our commissariat arrangements complete, the next question was to find a servant to accompany us. I had been strongly advised to take a white man in preference to an Afghan, as being more reliable in the bush, and also as making a better and more useful dependent than the arrogant Asiatic. But white servants are not over-plentiful in a district like Hannan's, where every unemployed man, if he can manage to scrape together a few pounds, immediately starts off prospecting on his own account. At this juncture the Warden again came to our assistance, and recommended his own camelman, a fellow named Scott, so strongly that I had no hesitation in jumping at so good a chance of getting someone who not only knew the camels we were taking, but also the tracks and the district we were going through—though certainly the habitual ill-tempered look of the fellow was not in his favour. How much I had occasion to regret engaging this man will be seen later on.

All our preparations at last being made, we started from Hannan's on the next stage of our journey on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 9, 1895. A party of friends assembled at the Warden's camp to wish us good-bye and drink success to the journey.

Our caravan was quite an imposing one, consisting as it did of seven camels and the buggy, for the Warden's man had decided to bring a camel of his own, on which was mounted a black friend of his, who was accompanying him to help with the camels. To the buggy were harnessed two camels tandem fashion.

The sun was already low by the time we had made a start, so it was decided not to proceed far that day, but to encamp about two miles from the town and then get away early the following morning. A very short distance sufficed to take us into the solitude of the bush; and just before sundown we halted a few yards from the track in a sort of clearing which promised well for an impromptu camp.

We thus had our first experience of actual bush life, and the novelty of it to a great extent compensated one for the inevitable "roughing it," a novelty which, by the way, however, too soon wore off and left the bare uncomfortable facts in all their uncompromising reality. Still, this first day's (or rather night's) experience was not altogether unpleasant, and in the light of the big camp fire, with the surrounding forest extending like some huge cathedral into the distant gloom, the effect was distinctly impressive.

We were all up betimes next morning, though such energy proved unnecessary, for it turned out that during the night our camels had strayed to their old feeding-grounds many miles off, so it took some hours to bring them back again.

We therefore had our first taste of the patience which is so indispensable a quality if one would enjoy a tour on camels. However much time may be money when one is in the busy haunts of men, out in the far-away solitude of nature such ideas must be promptly discarded, as one soon finds, more especially if one is dependent for one's locomotion on so uncertain a beast as the camel. This patience I had already in a certain measure learnt when crossing the Gobi Desert, and it now required no effort of memory to recall the wearisome delays which made my life a burden on that never-to-be-forgotten journey; for here we were, not over two miles from our starting-point, yet forced to sit down and while away hour after hour as best we could, waiting for the men to return with the wanderers. However, all comes to him who waits—even camels—and after a delay of about four hours we once more made a start, and managed to get as far as Kanowna (the White Feather), a distance of twelve miles, without any further serious stoppage.

I described this mining district in a recent letter. We had now to halt to fill our water-cans and get the camels a drink, as there would be no possibility of letting them have their fill again for some days after this. Having had a sort of farewell civilised meal at one of the hotels, we strolled down to the "condensers," where our camels had preceded us. Little had I imagined what fourpence per gallon meant when I had told the man to give the animals "as much as they could drink." I do not believe I am an inhuman man, and I feel sure I am as fond of animals as anyone, but I must confess that my kindly feelings went down to a very low ebb indeed as I stood there watching gallon after gallon disappear down the apparently insatiable throats of the animals. I forget for the moment how many sovereigns this long drink cost me, but it certainly was the biggest teetotal drink I have ever paid for. I learnt afterwards that it was a month since the poor brutes had had a drink, as they had not been working during that time, and when out at feed they never require water, it appears. However true this may be, they make up for it when they get a chance. This watering operation had occupied so much time that it was getting well on towards dusk when we again got on the road; so there was nothing for it but to encamp for the night near the town. This was certainly not fast travelling—fourteen miles in a day and a half. Luckily, this was, for the moment, the last serious delay, as the next morning we got away fairly early, and by sundown had put a good twenty-five miles between us and Kanowna.

The scenery mentioned had begun to change somewhat: the bush had gradually become less dense, and it was with a feeling as though of relief that towards midday we got into open country and sighted a large lake, with *real* water in it. To the reader to whom the wilds of Western Australia may be unfamiliar this astonishment on our part will doubtless appear strange; it is, therefore, necessary to explain that out in these parts a "lake" does not necessarily contain water, though it may do so at certain times of the year, if any rain should happen to fall. As a general rule, these inland seas are but vast expanses of arid salty sand, whereon the curious effect known as "mirage" usually takes the place of the missing element, and, as a rule, so realistically, that it was very hard indeed to believe that the distant rippling water, looking so refreshingly cool under the glare of the scorching midday sun, was in reality but a cruel deceptive illusion, which would gradually retreat as one advanced towards it. In this case, however, there was, though only a few inches deep, a sufficiency of fresh water to have watered the camels, had we not done so the previous evening, and with the recollections of what that drink had cost me, it was annoying thus to find how little reliable information was evidently to be obtained on the road; for we had been distinctly told that there was no water for at least two days ahead. It struck me as strange that a country which has been traversed so many times in all directions should still be, as it were, a *terra incognita* so far as the only obtainable charts of it are concerned; it would surely pay the Western Australian Government to have all these rising districts properly surveyed and their accurate mileage taken. It will probably end in private enterprise supplying what is undoubtedly a serious want. The improvement in the scenery was but of very short duration, for almost immediately after crossing the lake, the bush recommenced and continued again for miles. Once fairly "under weigh," we found that in spite of all we had been told of the "speed" of all our animals, we did not get over the ground at any alarming rate. The camels drawing the buggy had to be whipped and yelled at continuously to be made to keep up the semblance of a trot for even a few hundred yards, while the riding and pack camels advanced at a slow, steady, plodding pace, which rarely averaged four miles an hour. So we had to "stick to it" to cover twenty-five miles between sunrise and nightfall.



ON THE ROAD TO THE GREAT FINGALL MINE: "A CONDENSER."



IN-PATIENTS.



OUT-PATIENTS.

A WAY WITH FOGEYS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

According to the salutary Law of Vishnu, or Manu, or Buddha there is a place for fogeys in the civilisation of India. Twenty years a man is a youth, twenty years a fighter, twenty years a head of a household. At sixty he leaves his office, his wealth, his family, his purple and fine linen or his modern coat and hat. He takes a beggar's pot and a brass-handled crutch, and, clad lightly in a waist-cloth, he sets forth as a holy mendicant, a Forest Sage. He is lost in the brown and dusty-footed millions of India; he toils not, he is fed by sacred charity, he spends his time in prayer and contemplation. Mr. Kipling introduces such a sage in his new "Jungle Book." A man who has been Prime Minister of an "advanced" native State, the companion of statesmen in England, an after-dinner orator, admired by white ladies, a reformer, an enlightened person, he wanders as a holy beggar to the hills of the North, and, in a shrine which overlooks Tibet, he passes his life contemplative. The wild beasts and the wild birds come about him, friends not afraid, as they will do (the birds, at least) if you sit still as a stone, even in India. He murmurs the mystic name, he treads in ecstasy the threshold of the Absolute.

I have often thought of these Forest Sages and of the wise law of Vishnu, or whoever the legislator was; there is plenty of lore about him in the works of Mr. Max Müller. His rule, I fancy, was once a modern and enlightened substitute for the old savage plan of knocking fogeys on the head—

> Did you grow old and grey,
> Till all the clan tabooed you;
> And, on the solemn day,
> The chief *patu-patu'd* you?

I once sang, in an address to a Maori skull. That was the earliest and shortest way of dealing with fogeys. Their children wanted their property; they were *bouches inutiles*; they could not fight or hunt, and in counsel they doddered. They prosed of good old times; they wanted to know what the tribe was coming to. So they were knocked on the head or buried alive (as in China) with every demonstration of sympathy and respect. Occasionally they were sent up a tree; the tribe then sang "The fruit is ripe"; they shook the tree, and the fogeys fell off and broke their forlorn old necks.

The Rule of Vishnu, you observe, is an improvement on the primitive plan. The fogey is got rid of; he bores his fine young family no more; he passes into the unknown, where he may make metaphysical discoveries or develop magical powers for the benefit of the faith and the community, all by dint of *tapas*, or austerity. The public feeds him, and he prays for the public.

How salutary would this law be in our modern life! Our fogeys haunt clubs: they sleep and snore on sofas, they hide behind newspapers, they elect each other on the committee, whereby it comes to pass that the dinners are bad and dear, for fogeys have no energy. There is a painful story of an old clubman found dead behind his newspaper: there he had sat, no man marking him, in his wonted seat, sleeping in his wonted way, and none knew when he was not. Some may have viewed such poor gentlemen seated with a vacant look, even newspaperless, contemplating, perhaps, like a Forest Sage, but not in his sylvan retirement.

Should the Oriental rule be made absolute, the clubs would be very deserted. The old habitual pillars of these establishments would pass out into Pall Mall and Piccadilly with waist-cloths, brass-headed crutches, and beggars' wallets. They would toddle to Shapfell or Dalwhinnie, and there sit and muse, repeating the word "Om," herding with the red deer, the grouse, and the wild cat, fed by the casual shepherd or stalker on sandwiches from the nearest railway station. The Highland wives would bring them milk and scones. I think we must allow them umbrellas; but to shoot, or fish, or do anything but contemplate is forbidden to a Forest Sage. Now and then a *chela* from the Universities might visit them and see whether they could throw any light on metaphysical problems. If they began to work miracles Mr. Maskelyne would inspect and report. Here, by this ancient device, would be found a place for fogeys in the scheme of things. They would cease to be encumbrances on the chariot-wheels of Progress. The departments where they blunder, the magazines in which they write, would do very well without them. Their valets would shave other men, and their venerable white beards would grow down to their naked feet. The cockneys, who now slaughter grouse and deer, would not be allowed to molest these venerable Yogis: they would be protected from soap-boilers, match-makers, and shopkeepers.

It is a beautiful scheme, but too ideal. Our climate is not adapted for the existence of the Forest Sage. We shall not see old General Smith and old Professor Brown and the Editor of the *Antediluvian Review* trudging away in waist-cloths, with brass-handled crutches. To condemn them to this existence would be a return to the old plan of ordering them off to execution. To be sure we might ship them off to India, and carry them to the Himalayas. Or a kind of Carthusian establishment might be founded for fogeys, replete with the daily papers. To escape (what a romance, "The Fogey's Escape"!) would be death. These are counsels of perfection, and unfit for the Western world. Yet there are fogeys who feel the yearnings of the Forest Sage for solitude and silence. They would flee from the crash of events, and the contempt of the young, and the sense Prince Charles speaks of—"to have been, and to be no longer." A Tibetan shrine, a daily pannier of prog, with nobody beside one in the wilderness but the creatures of wood and air—these, my brethren, have a touch of the ideal.

THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

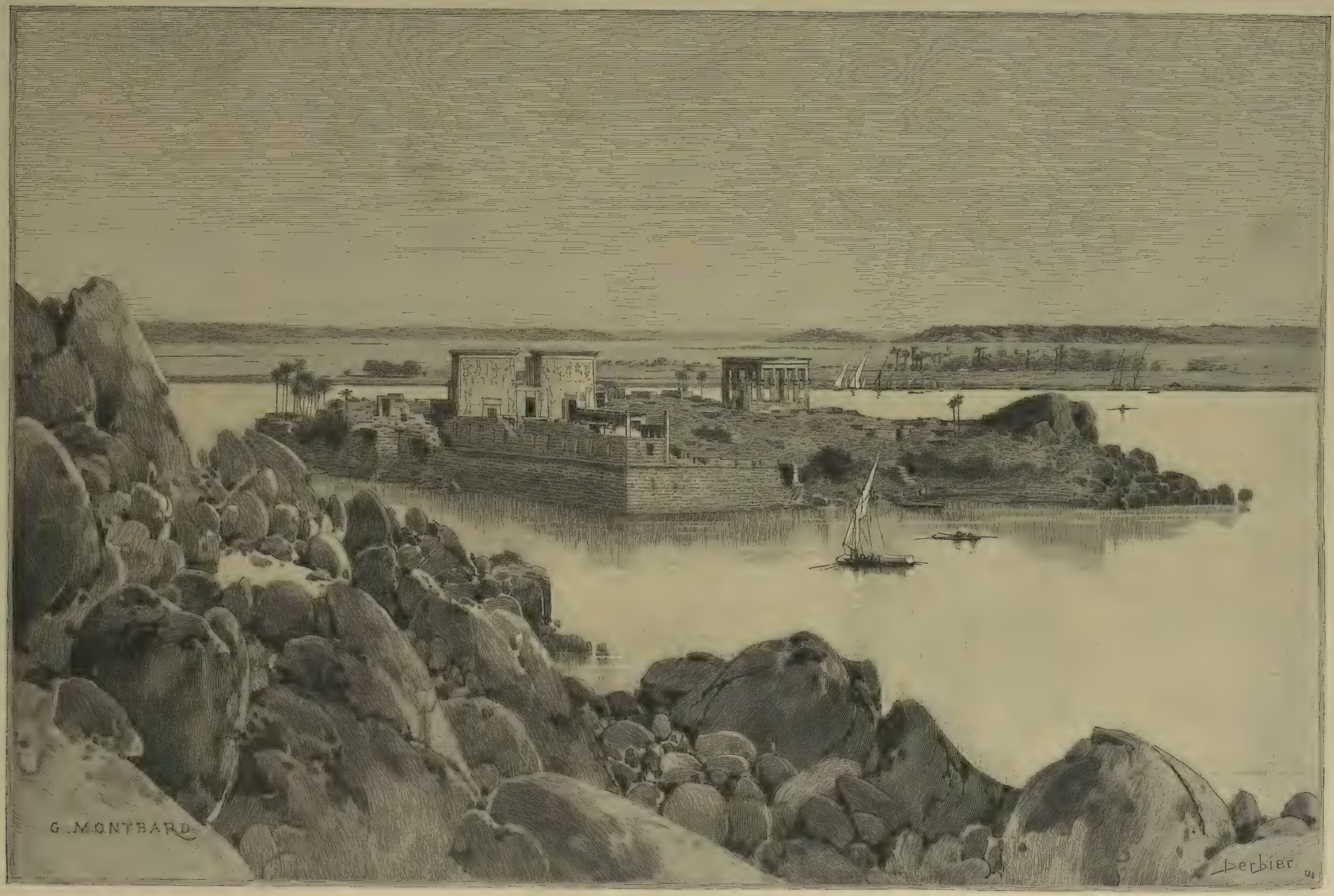
During the last few years the island of Philæ has occupied a prominent place in the attention of the English public on account of a proposal made by an English engineer with reference to the storage of the waters of the Nile in a huge reservoir to be built near the town of Aswān, or Syene, in Upper Egypt. The object of the reservoir was to enable the Irrigation Department to regulate and increase the supply of the life-giving waters to the cultivated districts in the north of Egypt, and there is no doubt that such a work would have been a great boon to the landed proprietors and farmers of Egypt on both sides of the Nile, from Elephantine in the south to Alexandria in the north. But when the details of the proposal came to be worked out it was found that it involved the submerging of the island of Philæ for several weeks each year; and every lover of the monuments of Egypt heard with sorrow that the chambers and courts of the temples on it would be covered to the depth of several feet with Nile water. The proposal was keenly criticised by many, and the correspondence which appeared in the daily papers is no doubt fresh in the memory of all. That the irrigation engineers were animated by a desire to do their best for the welfare of Egypt was generally admitted, but the dismay caused by the idea of the destruction, whole or partial, of the temples and other Egyptian monuments of Philæ was universal. The farmers' cry for more water has for long been pressing and constant, and it was felt by some that even the interesting monuments of Philæ ought not to stand in the way of the material prosperity of Egypt. Further plans to bring about the desired object were drawn up, and it is understood that a course of action has been decided upon which will both satisfy the irrigation officers and allay the fears of the archæologist.



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ FROM THE LIBYAN SHORE.

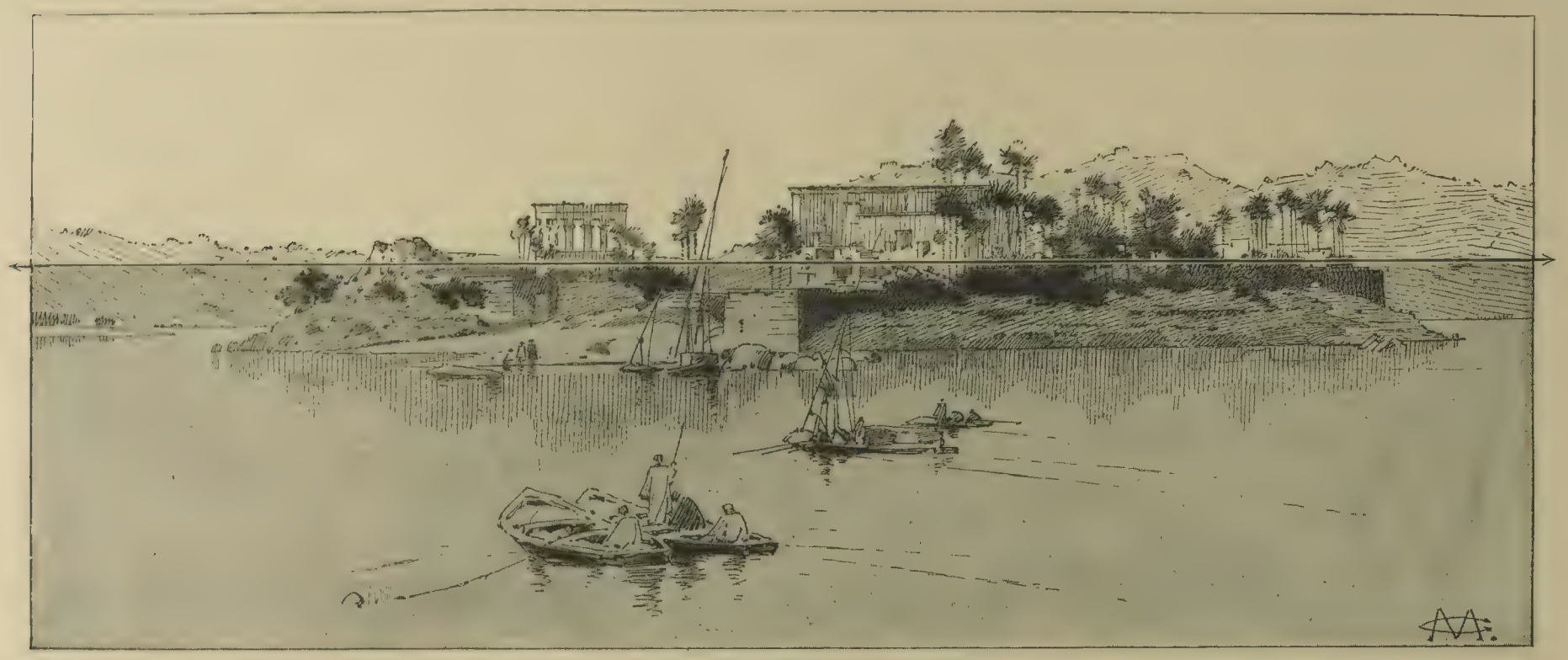
The arrowed line shows extent of probable submersion if proposed dam is built.

Our four views will serve to give an idea of the aspect of the island of Philæ in its normal condition, and when partly submerged. The page Illustration shows the island as seen from the Libyan or western bank of the Nile looking south. On the eastern side of the island rises the graceful little temple of Isis, commonly known as "Pharaoh's Bed," which was built by Nerva Traianus, and is a very striking object in the landscape. Beyond are the ruins of an arch built in honour of Diocletian's visit to Philæ. In the foreground, which represents the south-western part of the island, is the famous Colonnade, a work of the Roman period, which is as old as the time of Cæsar Augustus; and a little further inland are the remains of the walls of a hall, part of which dates from the time of Ptolemy V. Beyond these are the pylons and the doorway, which are covered with reliefs and



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AS SEEN FROM THE LIBYAN SHORE.

inscriptions, and form most interesting specimens of the later style of Egyptian architecture. The largest scenes on them depict Ptolemy XIII. sacrificing to Isis and Osiris, the local gods of Philæ, and the appearance of this King in the presence of the deities Isis, her sister Nephthys, and her son Horus. To the left of the left pylon we see the small building which has excited so much interest in every visitor to the chamber in it; here may be seen the relief



ISLAND OF PHILÆ FROM THE EASTERN BANK OF THE NILE.
The arrowed line shows extent of probable submersion if proposed dam is built.

in which is depicted the body of the dead Osiris carried on the back of a crocodile, and near by is a representation of the Nile god, having on his head a clump of lotus-flowers, and pouring out water from two vases which he holds in his hands. Another Illustration shows the island as seen from the eastern bank of the Nile. In the foreground is the angle of a massive stone wall, and round about are mounds of rubbish and ruins of buildings. Not far from this spot was found the fine grey granite shrine which the Egyptian Government presented to the British Museum in 1892; it was found lying upon one side, and is said to have formed the foundation for the altar of a Christian church. Contrasted with the above-named views are two drawings which show fairly well the level to which the island will be submerged when the proposed dam is built at Aswān, and it will be seen that the parts of the monuments to which the archæologist attaches most importance will remain

mean "the island over the border," and this suggests a doubt whether it ever formed a part of Egypt proper, the southern limit of which was marked by the town of Aswān or Syene. During the rule of the native Egyptian dynasties Philæ must have formed a valuable advance post for the safe keeping of Elephantine and Aswān, and it was no doubt considered to be a part of Nubia, which usually owned the sway of the Egyptians. A common name of Philæ in the Egyptian texts is "Holy Island," but that appellation may date from a late period of the history of Egypt. The Egyptians, according to one authority, connected *lek*, the latter part of the Egyptian name, with the word for "time" (*lek*), and they called the island by this name because it existed before the "time" of Rā. This derivation suggests a pun rather than an explanation of the name. The Greek writer Procopius, on the other hand, sought to connect the name Philæ with their own word for "friendship."

rate, we have depicted on one of the walls a scene in which a god is represented holding in his hand a man which he has just fashioned on a potter's table. At one time none could visit the island without permission, and religious enthusiasm went so far as to say that no bird might fly over it and no fish swim near it: the oath sworn by Osiris of Philæ was irrevocable. In the time of Strabo a remarkable species of hawk was worshipped there; but the bird which Strabo saw in the shrine was sick and nearly dead. In the early centuries of this era, as Christianity made its way southwards, Christian churches were built on the island; and Abū Sāleh says that there were two, one being dedicated to St. Michael and one to Athanasius; according to some, it was the seat of a bishopric. In the fifteenth century the Mohammedans had built a mosque with a minaret there. The picturesque and rare beauty of the place cannot be easily described, and the



ISLAND OF PHILÆ FROM THE EASTERN BANK OF THE NILE.

untouched by the water. Before this happens, however, a most exhaustive and searching examination of the foundations is to be carried out under high authority by skilful experts, and all the inscriptions are to be accurately copied and reproduced for the use of Egyptologists and others. It is idle to suppose that no kings before the Ptolemies ever employed the island of Philæ as a site for buildings and temples, and it is tolerably certain that a careful survey and examination of foundations and ancient remains existing there would produce results which would

Apart from these considerations, the island held a prominent place in the religious affections of the people round about, and it was to the extreme south of Egypt as Abydos was to Middle Egypt—most sacred as the burial-place of Osiris. At a certain season of the year the mysteries of Isis were performed here in a sort of religious play, wherein all the various labours of Isis in connection with the death and burial and resurrection of Osiris were carefully represented. The scenes explanatory of this play may still be seen on the walls of the chambers at Philæ; and the relief

first view of it which the traveller obtains from the Desert is one which will not be forgotten. Many changes have come over the island since the days when Osiris was worshipped there, and when Strabo crossed to it seated in a wicker boat, with his feet in the water at the bottom. But the charm of the spot, with its waving palms, with its marvellous lights and shades, with its manifold associations which belong to a period measured by thousands of years, renders it unique among the many beautiful sites in Egypt.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman." That, had he been alive, would have been Shakspere's estimate of some of the male clients of the Matrimonial Agency, no matter where. Marlow, of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," is a "no man" of that kind, for though glib and comfortable enough with the fair sex below his social condition, and presumably not too strait-laced, he is absolutely tongue-tied and awkward with girls of his own class. One may doubt, though, whether there be many such timid creatures left at the end of the nineteenth century; if there be, the genuine Matrimonial Agency should be a boon and a blessing to them, albeit that the institution withdraws its aid at the very moment when its client stands in greatest need of it. For no Matrimonial Agency with which I am acquainted—and I have a practical experience of at least three in Paris—professes to do the courting preparatory to the would-be Benedick's request for Beatrice's hand, nor to formulate the request for him.

All that the Paris agencies of the best standing undertake to do is to bring the parties together, not only by means of epistolary correspondence, but through personal introduction; and this is so skilfully—I may say delicately—managed that neither the parents nor relatives of the girl nor she herself have the slightest suspicion of it being a planned thing. My statement holds good even in the case where the girl's friends have had recourse to the agency.

To those who would object that a girl, respectably connected, with a blameless past and moreover provided with a more or less considerable marriage portion, has no need of such intermediary, I can only answer this. Once upon a time I held a similar opinion; experience has taught me since that my views on the subject were altogether erroneous. I could produce evidence that in France hundreds of girls, absolutely unexceptionable in every respect, some positively handsome, many pretty, and few altogether unfavoured by nature, and all of these dowered to a greater or lesser extent, enter wedlock through the intermediary of the four or five well-known matrimonial agencies in Paris. The reader must take my word for it, and absolve me from explaining.

Each agency publishes a bi-monthly journal, which is sent to all the railway bookstalls, hotels, clubs, and circulating libraries throughout France especially, and often to smaller establishments across the frontier. Its price, post paid and in a sealed envelope, is one franc per copy. The subscription to the agency is fifty francs, which the subscriber may take out in advertisements if he likes, and in consideration of which he is entitled to correspond with any or all the advertisers in the paper until the supposedly right partner for life is found. In the event of a marriage being contracted through the agency's intermediary, the agency claims 2½ per cent. from the bridegroom on the marriage portion of the bride, or a sum fixed beforehand in the reverse case. The recipient of the letter knows the writer's name; the writer is absolutely ignorant of the recipient's. The whole of the correspondence passes through the hands of the agency, which supplies special envelopes for the purpose.

But there is no necessity whatever to advertise. The candidate for wedlock may apply personally to the directress of the agency—it is generally a woman. That is what I did when I wanted materials and facts for my articles on the subject. I paid my fifty francs, stated my qualifications and prospects. Next morning I had a letter asking me to call at the offices of the agency. "I think I have got what you want," said the principal. And then she gave me full particulars of the young girl whom she had in view for me. Neither the girl nor her parents had the remotest idea that the agency was bestirring itself for her happiness. I was to see my possible *fiancée* two evenings later on at an "at home." The principal herself was to take me. From two or three remarks she dropped I felt convinced that she knew pretty well all about my position, except the important fact that I was a married man. I did not absolutely carry my marriage certificate on my back.

Two evenings afterwards the principal, who might have passed muster in the best society, fetched me in her own, or what seemed her own, carriage; and in about half an hour I found myself in the apartment of a gentleman holding a by no means subordinate Governmental appointment. I knew him by sight; he did not know me. He was simply subsidised by the principal of the agency. Subsequent experiments taught me that he was one of a hundred. I was introduced to the young lady and her parents. Of course, next morning I pretended to have changed my mind. "I would remain a bachelor," I said, "for another twelvemonth or so." But I took the trouble of verifying the principal's statements. Every one, including that of the £10,000 dowry, was strictly correct. Whether I should have been accepted by Beatrice or her parents if I had pursued the affair to the last stage but one is another thing. I doubt it, for every one of my statements would have been also sifted by the principal, and there were a good many that would not have washed.

P.S.—Will Mr. Edward Walford accept my sincere apologies for having numbered him among the dead while, I am rejoiced to hear, he is alive and well? I need scarcely assure him that my misstatement was unpremeditated; nevertheless, I feel bound to explain its origin. Within the last twelvemonth I read in a London daily of the death of Mr. Walford, "a well-known literary man." I knew it was not Mr. Walford the novelist, but was ignorant of the existence of a third Mr. Walford entitled to the honourable affix of "well-known literary man." I trust I have not injured Mr. Walford, as did the careless journalist (my prototype) who announced the death of the celebrated Spanish guitar-player Huerta, and who thereby caused Huerta's uncle to alter his will in favour of another nephew.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E Furness (Ludgate Hill).—We have certainly given you credit for any solution that reached us, and apparently you overlook the fact that often a fortnight or more may elapse before we can possibly acknowledge our correspondents' replies.

D H B R (Piccadilly).—A player can have any number of Queens up to nine on the board at the same time. We regret we cannot answer by post.

R Kelly (of Kelly).—Thanks; both versions shall have our consideration.

Conamore (Wrexham), A F Perry, and Others.—We have already stated mate could be given on the thirty-third move in our last issue.

F W Jackson (Breeston).—Thanks for letter. Nobody knows better than ourselves how easily mistakes are made over chess problems.

R H Seymour (Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.)—Thanks. Very pleased to hear from you again.

Dr F St (Camberwell).—It will be safer if you submit an amended diagram of the defective position. The new contribution we hope to find sound.

A D M.—The solution which was not given is 1. K to Q 8th.

F Brown (Brixton).—The solution of Mr. Loyd's problem commences with 1. R to R 8th, etc.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2689 received from A Beginner (St Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 2693 from Tom Butler (Providence, R.I.), Evans (Port Hope, Ontario), and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2694 from Betinka, G C Lyne (Folkestone), C E H (Clifton), R A Luct, and D G Pismazoglu (Alexandria); of No. 2695 from Betinka, F W C (Edgbaston), E B Foord (Cheltenham), Castle Lea, F A Carter (Maldon), E F (Hixton), C M A B, David Callender (Edinburgh), J Bailey (Newark), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J S Wesley (Exeter), H.M.S. *Thunderer* (Pembroke Dock), and A H (Welshpool).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2696 received from R H Brooks, Dr. F St., F James (Wolverhampton), L Desanges, F Lecte (Sudbury), J S Wesley (Exeter), W R B (Clifton), Frater, G T Hughes (Athy), W R Raillem, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), C E Perugini, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J Sowden, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), E F (Hixton), J Whittingham (Welshpool), Dawn, E Louden, J B Mahony, Betinka, J Holman (Brighton), C J Fisher (Eye), Sorrento, W Wright, Frank Proctor, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), F Nisbett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), H T Atterbury, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), Oliver Icingla, F A Carter (Maldon), H S Brandreth, H E Lee (Ipswich), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H B Bryant (Bradford), and A H (Welshpool).

Solution of Problem No. 2695.—By W. Finlayson.

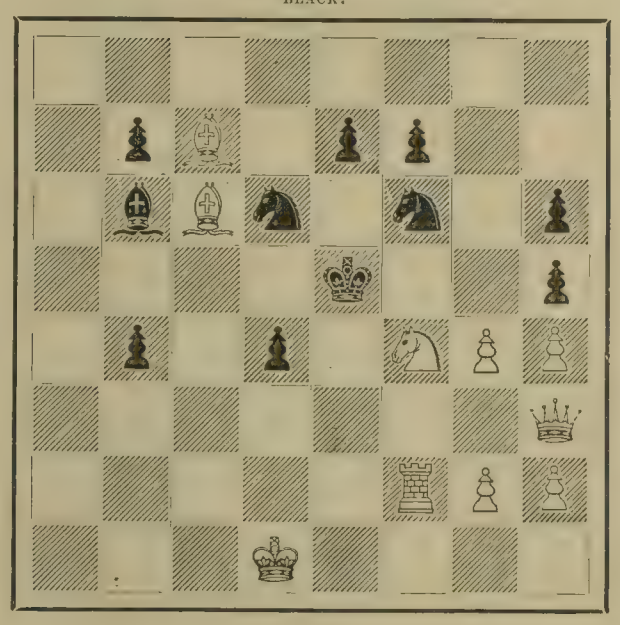
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 3rd	P to Kt 6th
2. Kt to Kt sq	P takes Kt
3. R to R 2nd. Mate.	

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, 2. R to Kt 6th; and if 1. Kt to Kt 6th, then 2. R takes Kt, P takes Kt; 3. R to R 3rd. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2698.

By H. B. Jackson (Telan, Fiji).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match Hampstead v. the City of London between Messrs. Richmond and Cole.

(*French Defence.*)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P takes P

A form of defence that may yet come into more general favour. Players of no great book learning need not go much astray with it, and it avoids the possibility of danger by White's P to K 5th, etc.

4. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd
7. B to K 3rd	

There is a business-like method in White's development, and now he has a good game.

7.	Kt takes Kt
8. B takes Kt	Kt to K B 3rd
9. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 2nd

It would have been better to Castle at once, as nothing is immediately threatened.

10. Kt to K 5th	P to Q B 3rd
11. P to K R 4th	R to Q B sq
12. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 4th

White's attack looks formidable; but this good move, properly followed up, ought to have resulted in fairly equalising matters.

13. P to Kt 5th	B to Q 3rd

Kt takes B was apparently better, followed by Q to Kt 3rd, putting White a little on the defensive. White now speedily gets a winning position, and finishes with vigour.

14. Q to R 5th	B takes Kt
15. P takes B	Kt takes B
16. P takes Kt	K to K 2nd
17. R to K B sq	P to K Kt 3rd
18. Q to B 3rd	Q to B sq
19. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to K sq
20. Castles (Q R)	P to K R 3rd
21. B takes Kt P	P takes B
22. Q takes Kt P (ch) and wins.	

CHESS IN NEWCASTLE.

From a simultaneous exhibition by Mr. Lasker, his opponent being Mr. Robson. The score is taken from the Newcastle *Weekly Chronicle*.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
5. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
7. Q P takes P	

Kt takes P might have been played here. Black cannot play Kt takes Kt, or P takes Kt would win at least another Pawn; so B to Kt 2nd seems best. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt, P to R 5th with the better game.

7.	P takes P
8. P takes Kt	

Again he might have done better by B takes P (ch), K takes B; Q takes Q, Kt takes Q; Kt to Kt 5th (ch), K moves; P takes Kt, P takes P; Kt takes P, etc. The opening has been very irregular, and certainly it is not a model one.

8.	Q takes Q (ch)
9. K takes Q	P takes Kt
10. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd
11. Kt P takes P	Castles (ch)
12. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 5th
13. K to B sq	P takes P
14. B to K B 4th	B to Q Kt 5th
15. P to B 3rd	B takes B
16. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 7th
17. R to K 7th	

Clearly an oversight, excusable in simultaneous play. This is the only defeat Mr. Lasker sustained.

17.	B takes R
White resigns.	

Messrs. Lasker, Pillsbury, and Steinitz are now on their way to St. Petersburg, where, with Mr. Tschigorin, they will play a tournament among themselves of five games each. Such a contest of champions is unique in chess history, and makes it all the more a matter of regret that Dr. Tarrasch was unable to join the party.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is curious to note how superstitions and errors and other unconsidered trifles in the way of mental erratics are accustomed to exhibit periodic revivals. The earth-flatteners, for example, now and then show spasmodic signs of revivification of their views; and then there is a flickering of the belief that the earth is flat as a plate, and that all our geographical and astronomical knowledge (including its practical applications to navigation) are utterly at variance with the truth. So, also, there is an occasional revival, mostly in holes and corners, of the "brain-pan" myths of days gone by. The localisation of "mind" nobody knows anything about, save that our intellectual powers are placed in the forehead-lobes of our brain. The localisation of brain-functions, which is a very different thing, is, thanks to experimental physiology, a fairly determined matter. The science of brain-pans flourishes on the sea-beach at Yarmouth and Margate in the summer, and in odd places, associated mostly with a demand for half-a-crown in consideration of a partial analysis of your character, or five shillings for a complete record of your virtues and vices, as "a guide to the choice of a profession or the correction of errors of character" to quote from the show-bill of a professor of the brain-pan art.

The latest revival of the unscientific myth comes to hand in the somewhat vain repetition of the works and ways of hypnotic "mediums" and subjects included among the wonders of the *clinique* of Dr. Luys, of Paris. In more than one influential and widely read journal—*Truth*, for example—I have read of late days of "experiments" conducted through the media of these mesmeric subjects. The records in question are all ancient history, in so far as physiology is concerned, Some years ago, when Dr. Luys gave accounts of the wonders achieved by his subjects "Marguerite," "Clarice," and others, Mr. Ernest Hart made a pilgrimage to Paris to investigate the alleged manifestations of hypnotic powers. He embodied the record of his visit in a little book entitled "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft." This work, published by Smith, Elder, and Co., I recommend to the notice of any of my readers who may have been interested by the renewal of assertions that wonders at which the scientific world would certainly stare and stand amazed, if only they could be found to be real, are still extant in Paris. Mr. Hart's destructive criticism is very effective. It served as an alterative to the wondrous accounts published in various newspapers a few years ago of these same hypnotic phenomena. But that the frauds to which I refer are still alive and struggling to reassert their evil influence on public credulity is evident from recent newspaper reports, and in the interests of scientific accuracy, I therefore advise all who are interested in the shady side of hypnotism to peruse Mr. Hart's volume.

One assertion of these latter days, repeated almost verbatim from the statements of the years gone by, was to the effect that a hypnotised subject, "Marguerite" by name, had the power, when in this condition, to transfer her "sensitiveness" to a wax doll. When the doll thus "magnetised" by her had its hair pulled, she called out that someone was hurting her by tugging at her hair; the theory being that the sensitiveness she had transferred to the doll was *en rapport* with her own sensibility. But when a witness-doll or control-doll (which she had *not* seen or touched was taken out of the box just as it had come from the toyshop) had its hair pulled, its body pinched, or its cheek tickled, Mdlle. Marguerite was just as satisfactorily affected as when the doll supposed to have been magnetised by her was operated upon.

So also with the magnet-tests. When what Marguerite believed to be a magnet was used, the instrument being no magnet at all, she gave the same results as were attributed by Dr. Luys and his school to the magnetic influence. The glass of water which such subjects "sensitise," so that, when the water is disturbed, they call out as if in pain, can be satisfactorily replaced by a glass of water they have never seen. The whole exhibition is one of knavery and trickery. Mr. Hart's control experiments showed this perfectly, and the only wonder is that Dr. Luys and his confrères did not discover this fact for themselves. There is a scientific aspect of hypnotism, no doubt. It can be and is being investigated by responsible persons. That it will ever attain to the dignity of a power in medicine I very much doubt; but for the so-called experiments of hypnotism at Paris, to which recent reference has been made, anyone conversant with the subject can only entertain feelings of the most profound and lasting contempt.

Mr. A. W. Stokes, F.C.S., public analyst to the vestry of the parish of Paddington, in his report for the quarter ending Sept. 29, 1895, remarks that various brands of condensed skim milk were examined. These are the milks to which I have alluded as perpetrating a nutritive fraud on the public. The public do not notice the word "skim" often printed in microscopic characters on the labels, and purchase the tins under the idea that they are buying milk of full strength. One might as well buy a bicycle with a wheel missing as expect to find full nutritive value (which we certainly expect in purchasing milk of any kind) in condensed skim-milks.

Mr. Stokes found that the tinned skim-milks he examined had (on an average) *nine-tenths* of the cream abstracted; then 300 parts of the residue were boiled down to 100 parts, and 40 parts of sugar added. The labels stated the contents of the tins to be "condensed skim milk and sugar." Inquests held of late days show that infants fed on such foods succumb from sheer want of nourishment, and Mr. Stokes comments, as I did, on the fact that poor people buy such articles for their infants, and are, therefore, practically supplied with that which is of no value at all for infant nutrition. The great evil represented in such skimmed milks is, of course, the absence of fat, which is all important in the nourishment of infant and adult alike. How long are we to wait before the Legislature renders such practices illegal?

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Sequins, sequins, everywhere, and never stop to think—of their special appropriateness! This is obviously the motto of Fashion at the moment. The sequin reigns supreme over our clothes, decorating not alone those for festive wear but those of sombre detail. I chronicle its popularity with amazement, without resenting it. Indeed, who could resent the sequin on such a dress as that sketched here, which is made of eau de Nil satin, completely covered with a star-like design in sequins, showing a belt high under the arms, low in the front, also studded with sequins, and enclosing a bodice of pale green chiffon outlined with double frills, and caught up in the centre of the front with a large bunch of pale pink roses? It is a pretty frock truly, and the same style will amiably adapt itself to brocade, when the pattern might be followed by sequins, this being a very usual practice to-day; or a black watered silk might be treated in like manner, the belt being formed of a combination of black sequins and jet, and the chiffon chemisette to be cream colour, with an appliqué of black lace upon it, when the dress might be labelled half-mourning. Such a jet belt as this might be recommended as a suitable possession to the matron of somewhat robust proportions; so that the tabs reach well over the hips, she will find it pre-eminently becoming, always supposing that those robust proportions be not too robust; which reminds me to warn the matron of rotundity to avoid the printed velvets and plushes which at the present moment are absorbing so much of our attention. Let her instead realise the charms of the plain fabrics; for any clearly defined design, unless it be a stripe, gives unto generous outlines an ungenerous prominence.

An article of attire which is pre-eminently worthy of attention at the moment is the muff-chain. This is ubiquitous; everybody wears one. The truly economical will buy them of imitation gold interspersed with imitation pearls; the really prodigal may be found in possession of chains alternating with pieces of coloured enamel and gems, while the more prudent will recognise the charms of the muff-chain of real gold and "Orient" pearls labelled Parisian Diamond Company, these having convincing merits and being within the possibility of most of us. The fashion of muff-chains is a revival, of course, but it certainly has the merit of being useful as well as decorative, while as a suggestion for the Christmas present it is of special value.

The usual wave of Christmas liberality is passing over mankind in general at the moment. We all of us want to give something, and in parenthesis it may be mentioned we are most of us anxious to receive something. Among the many delightful presents which the various West-End shops so persuasively offer us, there are few more attractive than the lace collar, especially if you buy the lace collar of real lace labelled "Irish," and seek it at Messrs. Walpole Brothers', 89, New Bond Street; while another gift which may be bought here to special advantage is the handkerchief made of real Irish lawn: hem-stitched, embroidered, plain, elaborate, or what you will, it obtains under most pleasing aspects. And the housekeeper might be pleased to receive—indeed, would be pleased to receive—an afternoon tea-cloth from Messrs. Walpoles', where they make them of linen or damask of the most superior, with



A CHESTNUT-BROWN CLOTH DRESS AND THE NEW BOA.

wonderful hem-stitchings and linen lace. Not to visit Messrs. Walpoles' in search of the Christmas present is "another injustice to Ireland," if not, indeed, to ourselves.

The wind is blowing a hurricane at this instant while I am writing, and it is impossible to consider the advantages of anything but a fur-lined coat or a sealskin ulster, while the sable or chinchilla boa is a quite indispensable adjunct to either; which reminds me that the sable has evidently persuaded the chinchilla to lose its tails, even like the fox of history, for now the chinchilla throatlet boasts five or six most unnatural-looking tails, and the sable boa—well, the number of its tails is legion. That is a very merry specimen



THE EAU DE NIL SATIN.

of its kind sketched on the costume here. The idea is certainly absurd; but, perhaps, if it were not for its absurdity Fashion would not be such a favourite among us. A logical, sensible arbitrator of our costumes would render life somewhat dull and monotonous. But to describe the dress which that special boa completes: it shows a combination of chestnut-brown face cloth and black velvet, the cloth being cut into tabs and buttoned together with little silver buttons and cords. The damsel who exploits its charms is wearing a hat of the most popular shape made of brown felt, the brim being open in the front and turned up at the back, the trimming consisting of a ruche of ribbon and two feathers at one side. This is the sort of hat which we can all of us trim for ourselves. It looks its best in violet felt with the ruche and feathers of black, and at the back, where the brim turns up, a large cluster of violets and white gardenias will be found a great improvement. By the way, the white gardenia under its artificial aspect is exceedingly fashionable this year, forming with signal success, in combination with a white osprey, the principal decoration on hats of black felt. It is also to be seen, usually in combination with violets, on many of the new evening dresses; while a large bunch of gardenias is permitted to repose at one side of many of the fur muffs, these muffs being usually of enormous size and lined with white satin. Like most popular favourites, the artificial gardenia is dear to the pocket as well as to the heart—you cannot buy a really good specimen for less than three shillings, and the cheaper ones are not worthy of consideration according to the extravagant ideas of

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

There are good returns of the successes of the women students who sat at the recent examinations at London University. This is, of course, as usual—so much so that we are now growing a little *blasé* on the subject, in the same country where only a quarter of a century ago it was subject-matter for hot discussion whether women could take any advantage of higher education if it were opened to them. The number of graduates of London at this examination is just on one hundred in the Arts and Sciences. In the first division of the pass list of the B.A. there are twenty-four women and twenty-eight men; and of course the male candidates far outnumber the female ones. Three women appear in the first division of the Science pass list, the total number taking the degree being thirteen.

London University admits to examination students who have been educated at different institutions all over the country, regardless of whether they have passed through an ordinary University course or not. Thus, the list of the various institutions from which the successful students have come is a long one. Having regard to the relative size of these, the greatest proportion of successes is reaped by a college at Hampstead, known as Westfield College, the specific object of which is to prepare women for this particular examination. The Welsh University College of Aberystwyth has also succeeded well, its students taking considerably the largest proportion of second class passes in the B.A. Holloway College makes a moderate showing. Of course, Girton and Newnham do not send their students up here, but are content to allow them to sit at the examinations of Cambridge University, which does not permit them to take the degrees that they have justly earned. London University, on the contrary, gives the full degree to all its female graduates as well as to the male ones; and it not infrequently happens that a lady who has passed even with honours at Cambridge has to take all the trouble and expense of sitting over again at the London University in order to obtain the right to use after her name, as a teacher or otherwise, the magic letters "B.A." or "B.Sc."

Utah, the part of the United States that once was distinguished for being the home of Mormonism, has just been admitted to the full fellowship of the States. Till a newly settled part of America has a certain population and fulfils various other conditions it is known as a "Territory," and its admission to the brotherhood of States is matter for negotiation and for considerable roundabout trouble and arrangement. A "Territory" does not send any representatives to the supreme council of the nation, Congress at Washington, and therefore has no voice in making the United States laws. This is of less importance than at first may appear, since in most matters the local legislature has the power to make laws for the inhabitants of the State or Territory, to collect taxes, and in general to act as if it were a separate country.

However, it is a decided "rise in life" in one way and another when a Territory gets admitted to the fellowship of the States, and proudly places its own star on the spangled banner. Utah has just attained that proud position, and has "gone in" with full woman's suffrage. Every woman in Utah, that is to say, will vote in all matters, local and, as it may be called, imperial, as well as every man.

"Christmas Presents" is the title of a little book just issued by J. W. Benson, the well known watchmaker and jeweller of Ludgate Hill. Readers should write for a copy, which will be sent post free to any address, before they make their choice of Christmas or New Year presents. Mr. Benson has a capital stock of small brooches, corsage watches, and other articles for presents on show, ready for London shoppers.

Messrs. S. Smith and Co., of 9, Strand, have issued an exceptionally fine catalogue, called "Guide to the Purchase of a Watch." It illustrates no less than 235 distinct types of watches, and not only are they accurately drawn, but an account is given of the quality and price. The present fashion of wearing the watch on the corsage has caused the production of some very beautiful patterns and designs. The cases of the watches now are works of art; some are beautiful enamels, and others are entirely encrusted in pearls, diamonds, rubies, etc., almost every precious stone being brought into use in this useful and pretty fashion. The firm have a high reputation for watches of the highest standard. As regards timekeeping the "Admiralty Deck" watches and the Kew Observatory tested watches speak for themselves.

Wearing imitation diamonds is a question of taste, but there is little doubt that the art of preparing and setting them has been carried to such perfection that the uninitiated eye cannot tell if it looks upon a "Faulkner diamond" or a real one. I have been asked to look at the stock at 98, Regent Street, and I am free to confess that not any of the costly gems of which I wrote last week were finer in design or more carefully set than are the "Faulkner diamonds." A name brooch in "diamonds" at twenty-five shillings, and a button brooch at the same price, are capital style; and even in larger pieces the workmanship and general appearance are wonderfully good, for a very small cost.

Grandpapa or an affectionate uncle could not bestow a more appropriate present where there is a baby than one of Leveson's "Imperial" baby-cars. It can be seen at 90, New Oxford Street, and will be at once perceived to have great advantages over the usual article of the kind. It has a smart and light appearance, but that is the least of its merits, for it is convertible in the easiest manner from a mail-cart in which an elder child sits to a couch on which a small baby can be laid down, well wrapped up, and protected by a novel adjustable hood from all draughts, and take the air in comfort and safety. It has four wheels,



CHAIN AND BADGE FOR THE MAYOR OF LLANDOVERY.

The badge is enamelled with a device representing the origin of the name of the borough; above this are the arms of Richard III., who granted the charter, and on each side, on the Welsh national emblem (the leek), is the date, 1484, when the charter was granted. The centre link is quatrefoil in shape, and bears the Prince of Wales's plume. The chain consists of oval links, upon which are shields and mural crowns, connected by large circular links. The whole was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London.

and therefore stands perfectly safely; while the nurse is brought closer to the child than usual by the special arrangement of the shafts.

Messrs. Fry have brought out a selection of the prettiest possible boxes and cases, of one and another kind and price, for holding their well-known chocolates for Christmas presents; and the merits of that toothsome and pure chocolate for a gift will soon be discovered by experimenting on a party of youngsters.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.

Imperial Russian Sables, Silver Fox, Sea Otter,

AND OTHER FASHIONABLE FURS.

The Proprietors of the

International Fur Store

Invite Inspection of a Unique Collection of Choice Furs and Fur Garments.

"The driving-coats in various tones of cloth are lined with sable, and have the sleeves put in very full, and the seams strapped. The fronts are faced with fur. The cut of these is so superb that without being made in any sense close-fitting, except on the shoulders and across the back, they cling into the figure and make it look its best. They are delightful for long drives on cold winter days, and for travelling."—TRUTH.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

163 & 198, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Aches and Pains.

ELLIMAN'S "ELIMINATES" PAIN!

LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES,
RHEUMATIC PAINS,
SLIGHT CUTS IN HEALTHY PERSONS,
SORE THROAT from COLD,
CHEST COLDS,
NEURALGIA FROM COLD,
CHILBLAINS BEFORE BROKEN,
CORNS WHEN PAINFUL,
TIRED FEET,
STIFFNESS FROM SEVERE EXERCISE, &c.

Are pains all relieved by a prompt and free use of Elliman's Universal Embrocation.

In Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s.
In Jars, 11s. and 22s.

PREPARED ONLY BY ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

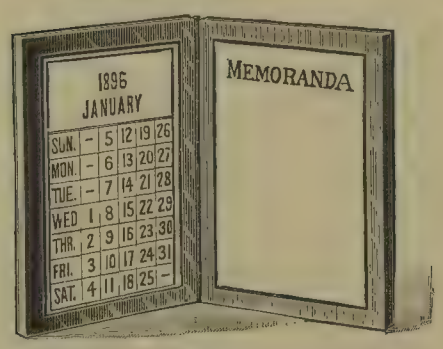
MAPPIN BROTHERS'

ONLY LONDON Show-Rooms
220, REGENT STREET, W.
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)

Christmas Presents

SPECIAL LIST OF XMAS NOVELTIES POST FREE.

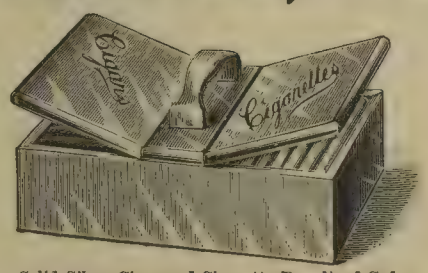
BY HER MAJESTY'S SPECIAL WARRANT



Solid Silver Calendar and Memoranda Frame, adaptable for Cabinet Photographs, £4 7s. 6d.



Mappin Brothers' New Registered Design, "Denmark" Solid Silver Chased Pin-Tray, 15s.



Solid Silver Cigar and Cigarette-Box, lined Cedar-Wood, Enamelled Letters. Size, 8½ × 6¾ in. £12 10s.

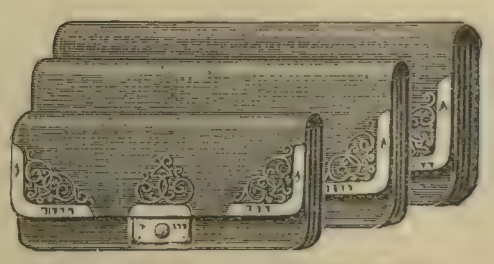
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (Prices Reduced) **POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.**

MAPPIN BROTHERS,
220, REGENT STREET, W.
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)



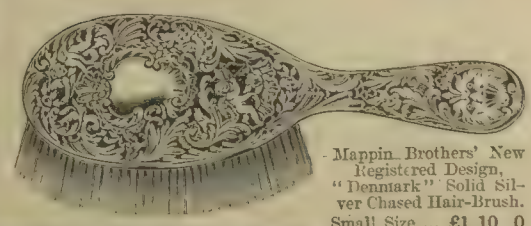
Chased and Pierced Solid Silver-Mounted Thermometer, £1 5s.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY FOR APPROVAL.

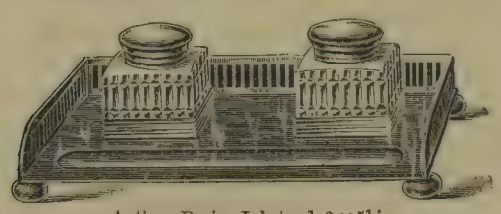


Finest Quality Purses, Solid Silver Wire-Mounted Locks and Corners.

Size	Polished or Crushed Morocco.	Crocodile Skin.
4¾ in. ...	£1 5 0 ...	£1 8 0
„ 5 „ ...	1 7 6 ...	1 11 6
„ 5½ „ ...	1 10 0 ...	1 15 0



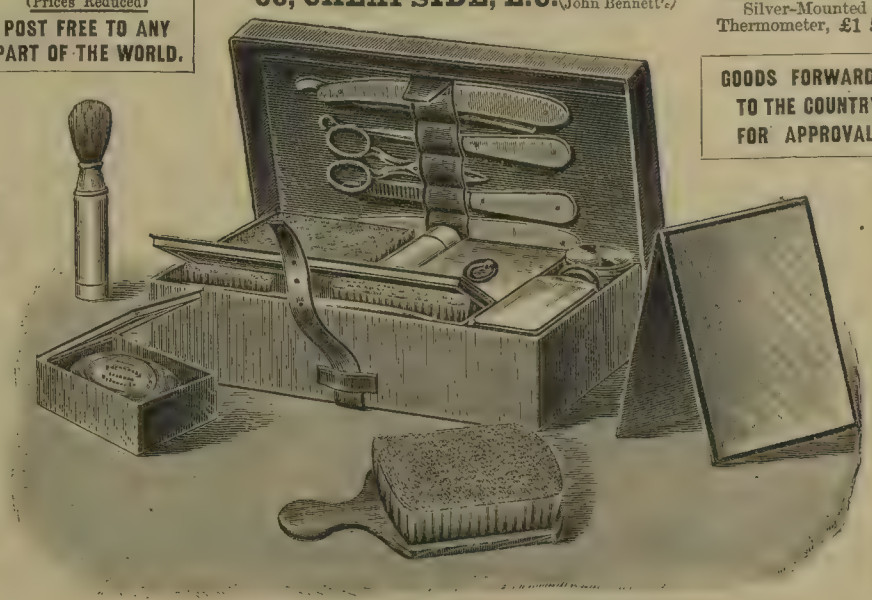
Mappin Brothers' New Registered Design, "Denmark" Solid Silver Chased Hair-Brush.
Small Size ... £1 10 0
Medium „ ... 1 15 0
Large „ ... 2 0 0



Antique Design Inkstand, 9 × 5½ in.
"Queen's" Plate, £2 10s. | Solid Silver, £8 8s.



Ebony Brush-Tray, with Solid Silver Mounts, Silver Monogram, and Comb, £1 10s.
Ebony Brushes, with Monogram, Lady's size, 10s. 6d. each.
„ „ Gent's „ 14s. 0d. „



Gentleman's Dressing-Case, £1 16s., Solid Leather.
Size, 9½ × 5½ × 2½ in. Satin-Wood Hair-Brush, Ivory-Handled Razors, &c.
Same as above, in Finest Pig-Skin, £2 10s. Same as above, in Finest Crocodile, £3 5s.



Solid Silver-Mounted Blotting-Book, Hand Pierced and Chased. Red or Green Morocco, £6 10s.



Solid Silver-Mounted Cut Glass Toilet Scent-Bottle, 7s. 6d.

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S); **220, REGENT ST., W.; & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Age, apparently, cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety of the Christmas Number, for the present season's display is more brilliant than ever. Among the coloured supplements we find a welcome diversity of subject and some charming results in colour-printing. There is plenty to suit all tastes, and although certain papers have chosen to retain examples of the domestic animal and small child school, there is a noticeable tendency to reproduce well-known and deservedly popular works by leading painters. Thus the *Graphic* reproduces Sir Joshua Reynolds' beautiful picture of the Duchess of Devonshire and her daughter; *The Illustrated London News* gives the charming picture by Luke Fildes, R.A. entitled "Playfellows"; *Black and White* has a stirring picture by Robert Gibb called "Comrades"; *Holly Leaves*, published as the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has a large and well-finished supplement, "Bound for Trafalgar Bay," and the *Lady's Pictorial* gives a pleasing study entitled "Day Dreams," by N. Sichel. All these supplements are high-class works, and are beautifully reproduced. There are many others nearly as good but impossible to mention within the limits of a single article. Of equal excellence, they vary in character from "A Master's Meet," drawn by "Spy" for *Vanity Fair*, to the *Sketch* dancing girls and the presentation picture given away with that delightful children's book, *Father Christmas*. But these Numbers are very far from living by their supplement plates alone. The average in the attractiveness of their general contents is a remarkably high one.

The *Sketch* reckons Ouida among its contributors, and the fact that the number is now out of print is the best testimony to its merits that can be given. The *Album* keeps up its tradition of exquisite production, and breaks new ground with some charming colour-plates of flowers. Reference has already been made to the excellence of *Father Christmas*, designed for children and certain to meet with their hearty approval.

The *Graphic* is printed throughout in colour, and is a number of exceptional interest. W. Hatherell, Solomon J. Solomon, Frank Brangwyn, and Reginald Cleaver have contributed specimens of their best work; and, though there is a sombre touch about certain of the tales, Rudyard Kipling, Flora Steel, and Israel Zangwill have enriched the paper with rare and beautiful stories. For "Joseph the Dreamer," by the last-named writer, no praise could fairly be deemed excessive.

The *Lady's Pictorial* publishes a number excellent in every respect. Good stories by Marie Corelli, Ella Hepworth Dixon, Rhoda Broughton, and others; admirable illustrations by Fred Pegram, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and F. Townsend—all these are presented in the most attractive form, with a result that should be satisfactory to everybody concerned. The *Queen* has managed, happily, to combine quantity with quality, and presents a very large and interesting number, in which the regular features of the paper are but slightly subordinated to the exigencies of the festive season. Messrs. Pears are well to the fore this year, and publish Charles Dickens's "Haunted Man," illustrated by Charles Green, R.I. They also present three coloured plates with the issue. The Christmas Number of *Black and White* is perfectly produced, and people will keep it after reading. Contributions artistic and literary are up to the usual high standard of excellence. The *Penny Illustrated Paper*, under the skilful guidance of John Latey, publishes a bright military issue, full of stories well told. *Vanity Fair* presents a double number wherein divers lords and ladies join others better known to the literary world in contributing a series of cleverly written and interesting tales. Nothing but praise can fairly be found for *Holly Leaves*, the Christmas effort of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and *Snowflakes*, the seasonably named winter issue of the *Lady*. They are pleasing alike to eye and mind. Other good Christmas Numbers are those of the *St. James's Budget*, the *Road*, and Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

Last, but not least, come two annuals dealing largely with the social and political aspect of the passing year—we refer to those published by *Truth* and the *World*. The latter begins and ends with satire, but gives the bulk of its intervening space to the various well-known writers who brighten its weekly columns. Special reference must be made to "The Battle of the Bays," in which certain poets, eminent and otherwise, sing in admirable parody of their best known efforts. The burlesque is by Owen Seaman. *Truth* presents the usual features of its annual review, and is by turns clever, daring, cruel, and sarcastic. There is a tendency to harp on strings that have become a trifle worn, but the number is written too well to become wearisome; and F. C. Gould's cartoons are excellent after their kind. Even those who have no sympathy with the views expressed will find amusement in the method of expression.

This notice would be incomplete without some mention of two charming annuals which come to us from the Continent, the Christmas Numbers of the *Figaro Illustré* and of the *Moderne Kunst*. Both are most beautifully produced, and bear themselves with distinction even amid the gay throng of native publication.

Messrs. De la Rue and Co. have showered their diaries and calendars upon us, with the usual variety of tasteful invention. No one who desires to fix a date or a memorandum can fail to discover an agreeable stimulus to that exercise, which, under the guidance of Messrs. De la Rue and Co., becomes an almost too exciting diversion.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. are conspicuous this season with their Christmas picture-books, some of Randolph Caldicott's charming work being specially welcome. Mr. John Lane has issued a couple of Mr. Walter Crane's picture-books, "This Little Pig" and "King Luckie Boy's Party," both excellent specimens of Mr. Crane's whimsical pencil. Messrs. G. Bell and Sons have published "Ye Booke of Nursery Rhymes," set to music by Joseph Moorat, and illustrated by Paul Woodroffe, a very dainty volume, in which many old friends caper to excellent new tunes.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Bolton, of the firm of Messrs. Bolton, Lee, and Bolton, solicitors, The Sanctuary, Westminster, and of 22, Westbourne Gardens, Paddington, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Nov. 28 by Henry Lushington Bolton and Arthur Thomas Bolton, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £105,300. The testator leaves £8000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Emily Gertrude, Cecilia Katherine, and Alice Maud; £1800 in addition to his daughter Alice Maud, he having already given an equal amount to each of his other daughters; all his household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, books (except law books), consumable stores, horses, and carriages, and £800 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Bolton; his residence, 22, Westbourne Gardens, to his wife during widowhood; and he makes up his wife's income during widowhood, with what she will receive under their marriage settlement, to £900 per annum. On the cesser of such annuity one twelfth of the trust funds, to be set aside to provide for the payment of same, is to be added to each of his daughters' legacies of £8000. He also bequeaths all moneys due to him from his partnership business and all his share and interest therein to his son Henry Lushington; and a legacy of £20 and an annuity of £50 each to his nieces, Louisa, Kate, and Constance Barnett. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his three sons, Henry Lushington, Arthur Thomas, and Charles Ernest, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1894) of the most Hon. William Alleyne, Marquis of Exeter, of Burghley House, Stamford, who died on July 14, was proved on Nov. 30 by the Dowager Marchioness of Exeter, the widow, and the Marquis of Exeter and Lord William Cecil, the sons, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £74,631, and the net value to £760. The testator states in appointing his wife one of his executors that she has been to him the most excellent of wives and the kindest and best of mothers to her children; and that, by her wish, in consequence of the depreciation of value of the settled estates, the £1000 per annum which had been charged thereon in her favour, in addition to her jointure of £3000 per annum, had been released. There are various specific bequests to his wife and children, and among the gifts to his eldest son is a case of twelve Deane and Adams revolver pistols, which he originally bought for the defence of the Militia stores at the time of the alarm about the Fenians; there are also some legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for such of his children as his executors in their uncontrolled opinion shall consider to be most in need.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1894), with two codicils (dated May 1, 1894, and Oct. 23, 1895), of Mr. Silvanus Phillips, of Kensington Palace Mansions, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 9 at 37, Bedford Square, Brighton, was proved on Nov. 25 by George John Wild and the Rev. Sidney Phillips and Louis Charles Phillips, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,231. The testator gives considerable legacies to nephews, nieces,

THE MANUFACTURING

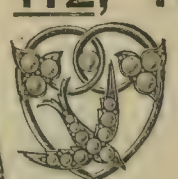
GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

(The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory and Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company).

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)



Fine Gold Neck Chain and Pendant of Enamel, with Pearl Centre and Border, £3 14s.



Fine Pearl and Gold Brooch, £1 17s. 6d.



Fine Pearl Brooch, £3 5s.

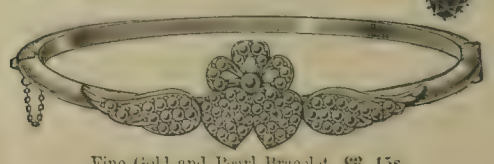
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (WITH REDUCED PRICES) POST FREE.



Fine Diamond Pin, £4 12s.



Fine Gold and Pearl and Turquoise Brooch, £1 12s.



Fine Gold and Pearl Bracelet, £3 15s.



Fine Gold Lizard Brooch, £1 17s. 6d.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS.

AWARDED THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Fine Oriental Pearl Neck Chain, £5. Diamond and Pearl Pendant, £10 10s.

Fine Diamond Pin, £4 12s.

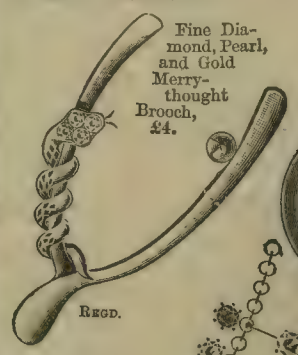
Necklet of Garnets and Aquamarines, £7 10s.



Fine Diamond and Turquoise Flexible Bracelet, £60. Diamond and Emerald, £90.

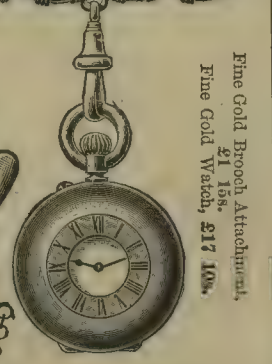


Registered Design. The "Coupling" Brooch, in Diamonds and Enamel, £6. Also made in Pearls and Gold.



Fine Diamond, Pearl, and Gold Merry-thought Brooch, £4.

REGD.

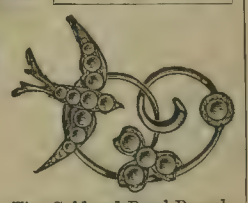


Fine Gold Brooch Attachment, £1 15s. Fine Gold Watch, £17 10s.

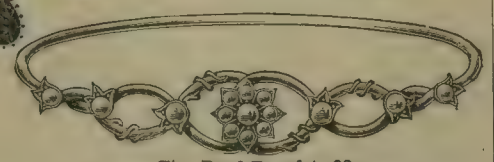


Fine Diamond Pin, £3 15s.

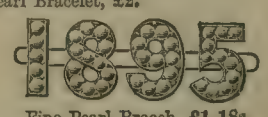
GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Fine Gold and Pearl Brooch, £1 10s.



Fine Pearl Bracelet, £2.



Fine Pearl Brooch, £1 18s.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Absolutely the Largest and Choicest Stock in the World of Novelties in

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY AND DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

An Inspection Invited.

All Goods are marked in plain figures and supplied direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, thereby saving purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

Special Novelty List Post Free.

Goods forwarded to the Country on Approval.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

WEST END HOUSE:
22, REGENT STREET,
S.W.

ELKINGTON & Co LTD

LONDON · LIVERPOOL · MANCHESTER · BIRMINGHAM

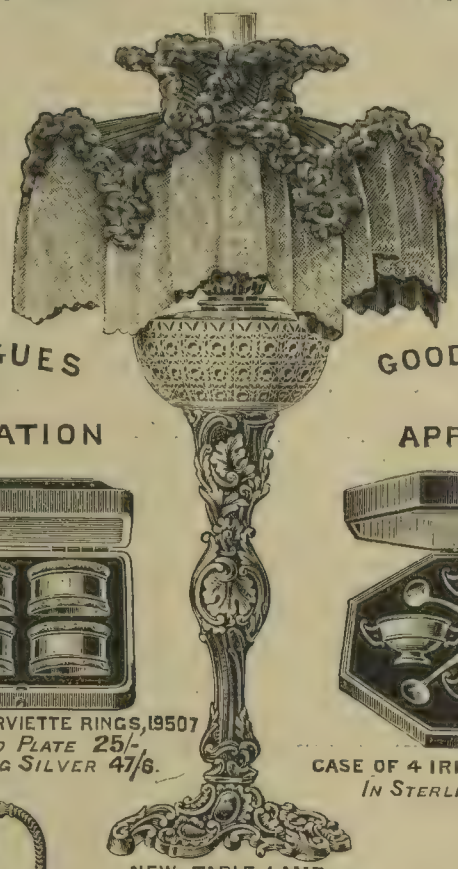
CITY HOUSE:
THE OLD MANSION HOUSE,
73, CHEAPSIDE,
E.C.



IRISH INKSTAND.
In Electro Plate 67/6
In Sterling Silver £7-17-6.

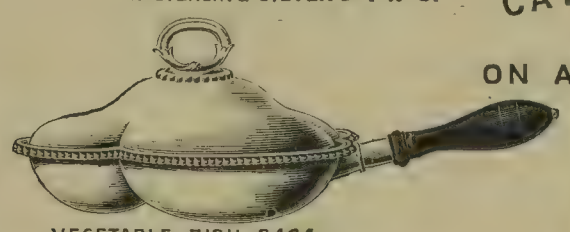
CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL



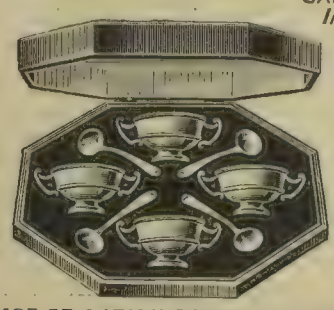


SALAD BOWL & SERVERS, 19852.
In Electro Plate 97/6
In Sterling Silver
£7-7-0.



VEGETABLE DISH 8424
In Electro Plate £5 12-6
In Sterling Silver £22-10-0

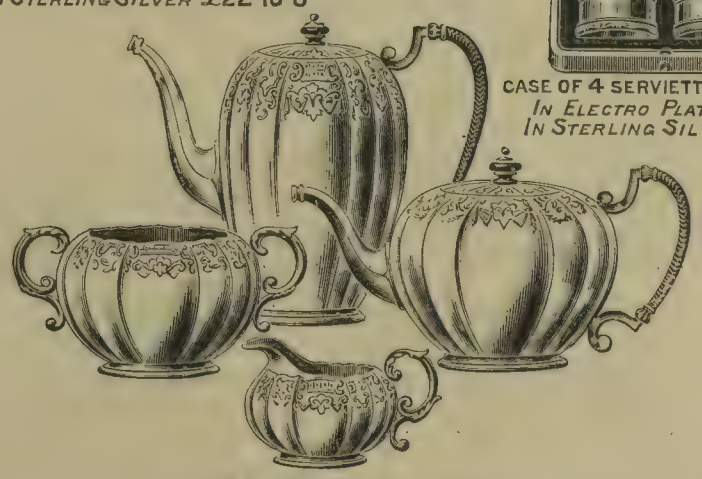
CASE OF 4 SERVIETTE RINGS, 19507
In Electro Plate 25/-
In Sterling Silver 47/6.



CASE OF 4 IRISH SALTS & SPOONS.
In Sterling Silver 87/6



CHAMBER C'STICK, 2597.
In Electro Plate 29/-
In Sterling Silver 110/-



TEA & COFFEE SET, 18752.
In Sterling Silver £44-0-0



NEW TABLE LAMP
In Electro Plate
£10-0-0.

POCKET COMP SET. 1562.
In Electro Plate. 50/6
In Sterling Silver £3-15-0.



FLASK – GOLF SCENE
In Sterling Silver 80/-



WAITERS ENGRAVED, 17392.

	In E.P	Sterling Silver
8 IN.	40/-	120/-
10 IN.	52/6	165/-
12 IN.	75/-	£11-11-0.

HARE

A Changeable Climate often Changes Healthy Persons into Invalids,

and to prevent Colds, Chills, and Winter Ailments, the vitality must be well sustained by stimulative nourishment, of which the only perfect example is

BOVRIL.

It comprises all that is essential to the reproduction of blood, brain, bone, muscle; and for climatic changes, and the general tear and wear and mental overstrain of life, it is a true and natural recuperative agent of the highest order.



BOVRIL, LIMITED, FOOD SPECIALISTS, **LONDON.**

Directors,
Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D.
Dr. FARQUHARSON, M.P.
and others.

BOVRIL is the vital principle of Prime Ox Beef.

executors, and others; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his brother, Sidney James Phillips, for life, and then for his nephew the Rev. Sidney Phillips.

The will, with two codicils, of the Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, who died on Oct. 14 at Basle, was proved at the Chichester District Registry on Nov. 27 by Richard Durnford and Walter Durnford, the sons, and Miss Fanny Louisa Durnford, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £38,076. The testator desires to be buried without pomp or vain expense, by the side of his wife in the churchyard of West Hampnett, and that his monument should be simple without a word of praise thereon. He gives two hundred of his theological books to the Theological College in Chichester; a leasehold house in St. Richard's Lane, Chichester; £1000, and such sum as will produce £100 per annum to be held upon trust for her, to his said daughter; all his real estate and £1000 to his son Richard; the plate and shield presented to him by his friends in Lancashire on his being appointed Bishop of Chichester to his said son, to be held as heirlooms; £100 to his faithful servant Elizabeth Radcliffe; and there are various specific bequests to his sons and daughter. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sons, Richard and Walter.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Edward Charles Rawstorne, of 12, Kensington Park Gardens, who died on Oct. 10 intestate, a widower without child, were granted on Nov. 27 to the Rev. William Edward Rawstorne, the brother and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,075.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1890), with three codicils (dated Aug. 5, 1891, and May 30 and Aug. 10, 1895), of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry von Mollerus Le Champion, formerly of the 101st Regiment Royal Munster Fusiliers, late of 64, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Nov. 23 by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Charles Fryer, Captain Thomas Fuller, and Mrs. Mary Ada Fuller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,613. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his son Loftus de Launay, and legacies to his executors and sister-in-law. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon various trusts, for the benefit of his son, and then for his children or remoter issue as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1893), with a codicil (dated Feb. 15, 1895), of the Right Hon. Adelaide Annabella, Baroness Lisgar, of Bosworth Hall Leicestershire, who died on July 19, was proved on Nov. 29 by Philip Witham, Mrs. Amelia Dora Madeline Mills, and Henry Trueman Mills, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,123. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to her niece Fanny Amelia Olivia Webster, and at her death the capital sum set aside to pay such annuity is to be divided between her son and daughter, John and Adelaide; an annuity of £150 to her niece Olivia Leila Smith, and at her death two thirds of the capital set aside to meet same is to go to her son Edward; an annuity of £100 to Lucy Maria Mackenzie; an annuity of £50 to Lucy Young; £500 to her niece Mary Sophia Entwistle; and £200 to be distributed among the servants who have been three years in her employ at her death. Certain furniture, pictures, etc., are made heirlooms to go with the heirlooms under the will of her second husband, Sir Francis Fortescue Turville, K.C.M.G., and there are various specific bequests to her half-brother, the Marquis of Headfort, and to nieces. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her niece Amelia Dora Madeline Mills, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will of Mr. Henry Alfred Cohen, of 38, Bryanston Square, who died on July 16 at Valais, Switzerland, was proved on Nov. 22 by Alfred Louis Cohen, the father, and Henry Edward Beddington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,902.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Augustus Frederick Shadwell, J.P., of North Baddesley, Hants, who died on Oct. 19, were proved on Nov. 27 by Herbert Blaney Wade, the nephew, and Reginald Basil Astley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5384.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The Eastern Question broods heavily over the reviews this month. Its gloom is relieved by quaint touches of irony, as when M. Augustin Filon remarks in the *Fortnightly* that the French judge the Armenian case by "one set of facts" and the English by another. It might be interesting to know the "facts" which influence the French mind, but M. Filon does not gratify our curiosity. He suggests, however, that "atrocities"—that is to say, the Turkish method of government by wholesale murder—can have no influence on the mind of a statesman like Lord Salisbury. Oddly enough, that does not seem to be the view of a Moslem writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, who advises the Sultan to model his rule in Armenia on the British administration of India. No doubt this luminous idea will be very welcome at Yildiz Kiosq, where the Sultan locks up his independent advisers in cupboards, and is deeply pained when they take refuge at the British Embassy. I learn from Madame Novikoff in the *Nineteenth Century* that Russia is more alarmed by the Pope's machinations in Bulgaria than by the difficulties of Abdul Hamid. Mr. James Knowles is engaged in a duel with Canon MacColl, and that is another complication for the much-vexed Concert of Europe. Mr. Knowles, I understand, is afraid that the Canon's indictment of Islam as a governing force will upset the equanimity of Mohammedans in India; and, as Canon MacColl has a vigorous article on this subject in the *Fortnightly*, I wonder whether the Indian Government will prohibit the importation of Mr. W. L. Courtney's review.

Mr. Alfred Austin's appreciation in the *National Review* of Matthew Arnold as a letter-writer suffers a little from contrast with Mr. John Morley's article in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is scarcely a happy inspiration to set against Arnold's criticism of English "toadyism" the fact that some municipal councils have invited peers to preside over them; and when Mr. Austin wishes that Arnold had lived to see these noble Mayors, I fear he reckons without the humour of the critic who found our aristocracy barbaric. In the same review Mr. Frederic Harrison pays a fine and discriminating tribute to Mr. Ruskin, whose qualities and

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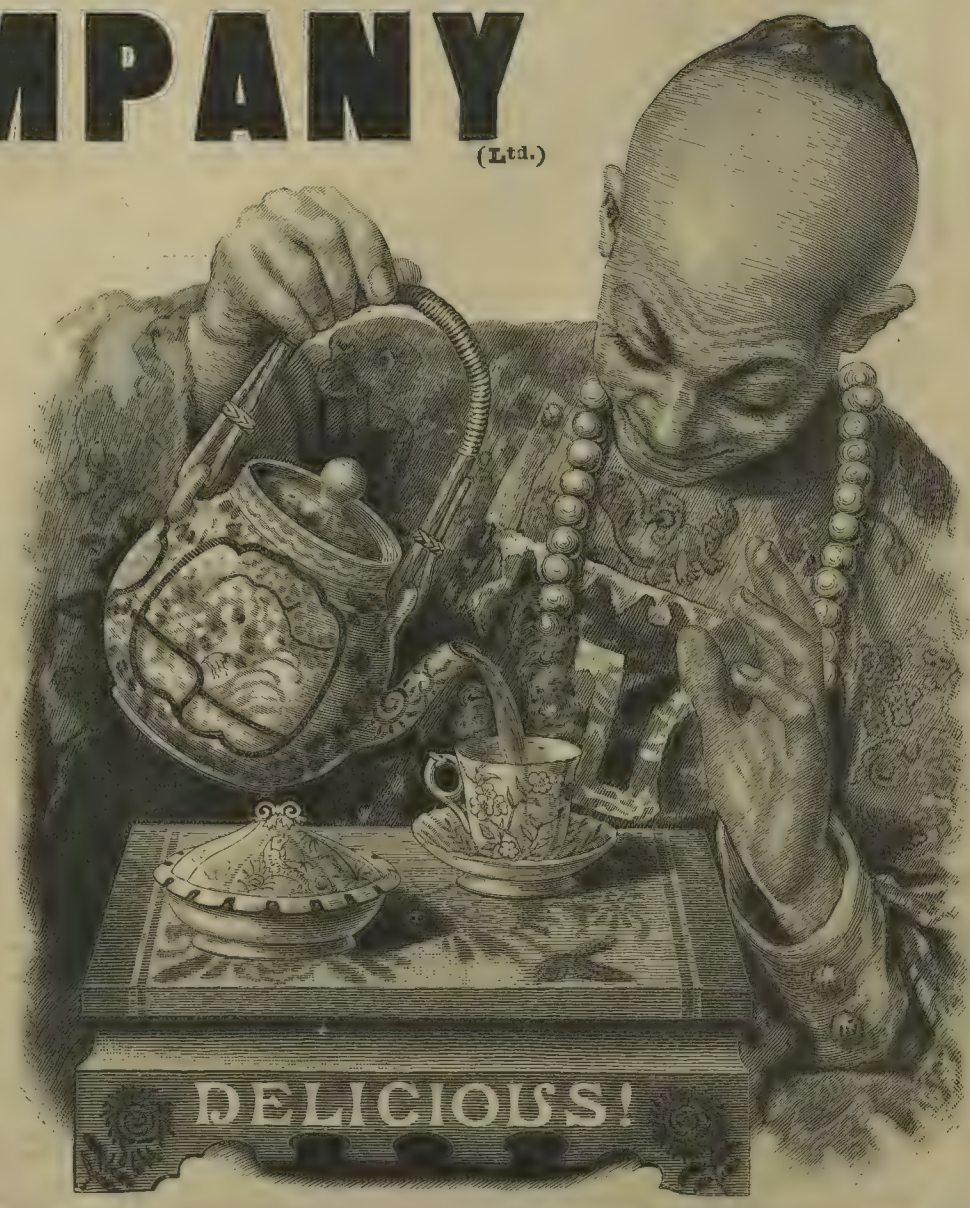
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For further particulars our readers, on mentioning this Paper, are authorised to apply to the above-named firm for a handsome booklet, treating generally of the disorders of the respiratory organs. This publication contains also about thirty pages of drawings by our leading artists, among whom may be named Phil May, M. Greiffenhagen, Dudley Hardy, L. Raven-Hill, A. S. Hartrick, A. C. Corbould, J. W. T. Manuel, Fred Pegram, O. Eckhardt, E. Sullivan, T. H. Townsend, Carl Eden, Aubrey Beardsley, Chéret, Willette, etc., etc. The book in question, which is sold by newsagents at one shilling, will, exceptionally, be sent gratis and post free to those of our readers who apply for it by *letter* to Messrs. Fassett and Johnson.

Drawn by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.



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defects have rarely been so judicially treated. This judicial temper is not conspicuous in *Blackwood's* "Looker-On," who, after the usual fling at Louis Stevenson, of whom we have heard "too much," prints long extracts from the "Vailima Letters." There is also a curious suggestion that if a well-known critic had been birched in early youth he would not have made a violent attack on Thackeray's "clumsy hand." This surpasses the idea of the feminine philosopher who said that the sense of masculine superiority ought to be "spanked" out of male babies in the nursery. Would the rod be of any service to irreligious undergraduates at the Universities? The Rev. Anthony Deane repeats in the *Nineteenth Century* his contention that agnosticism is spreading at Oxford and Cambridge, and he implores the heads of colleges to take a more serious view of their responsibilities. Compulsory chapel-going is no good; perhaps a little birching would commend itself to *Blackwood* as a means of saving grace. But there is an alarming question for Maga nearer home. A writer in the *New Review* says the Scotch accent is deteriorating. The dialect heard now in the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow has been ruined by an infusion of the Irish brogue. Here and there on the Lammermoors you may hear pure, broad Scotch; but even the vocables of Burns are becoming unintelligible to Caledonian readers. This seems to explain why Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett use so many words which their own countrymen do not understand. They are making a gallant attempt to resist the tide of corruption. Another Scotchman has been indicted on account of his style; this is no less a person than Mr. A. J. Balfour, who is told by an American critic in the *Contemporary* that he has no sense of literary form. Happily, we can still refresh ourselves at that well of English idiom, the romance of Joan of Arc, in *Harper's*, where I read that Joan warned one of the French princes just in the nick of time that he was in danger of being shot in his "tracks."

The attack on the Authors' Society and the literary agent by Mr. Werner Laurie has produced two counter-blasts in the *Nineteenth Century*. Sir Martin Conway contends that, so far from destroying friendly relations between author and publisher, the Society has established those relations on the basis of honest finance and mutual esteem. Sir Walter Besant compares the literary agent to a solicitor who manages the author's business, and saves him from friction and worry. To the statement that no publisher will look at the manuscript of an unknown author when this is submitted by an agent, Sir Walter Besant replies that he has before him thirty books which have been published under these conditions. Mr. Laurie said that the fiendish agent tempts authors to wear themselves out in the hopeless attempt to execute contracts for work several years ahead. Sir Walter Besant declares that the agent is an angelic visitant who enables him to carry out contracts of this kind with ease and affluence. Moreover, the author is relieved from the disagreeable task of hawking his own wares, for the obliging agent goes round with the samples. I hope the agent is not too modest to join in the controversy, and give us an essay on the æsthetic pleasures of hawking. The late Professor Boyesen has left a valedictory paper in the *North American*, in which he says that jocularity is the bane of the American people. Perhaps it is a consciousness of that truth which has induced Mr. Dudley Warner to impress on the readers of *Harper's* the necessity of observing Christmas this year as a special example of charity and concord to China and Japan. I cannot tell whether it is jocularity or a weird antipathy to the human eyesight which has prompted *Scribner's* to mix up Mr. Brander Matthews's fable and the illustrations in such a maddening way that the pictures are looming hazily through the text. If this device is going to become chronic there will be a fine "boom" for the oculists. In the *English Illustrated*, a very strong number, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth gives an interesting account of the Arctic expedition he has organised. There are some surprising revelations by Mr. Wilfred Wemley about the rats in the London sewers. I had always supposed the sewer rat to be a fearsome beast of great size and ferocity; but he is quite insignificant in appearance, and as timid as a rabbit. One of the gentlemen who kindly keep our sewers in order told Mr. Wemley that he didn't believe in the tales of rats which have eaten human beings. So that highly moral story of Bishop Hatto is in danger of joining the band of exploded fictions, and "as meek as a sewer rat" may become a proverbial phrase. Miss Janet Achurch makes her first appearance in the *English Illustrated* as a story-teller. I don't know whether the ultra-Ibsenites will be pleased to find that their favourite actress's experiment in fiction is a pretty bit of sentiment after the manner of Dickens. There are excellent stories by George Gissing and Louis Becke, and a promising beginning by a new writer in "Her Passport into Heaven." The gravity of Macmillan's is relieved by a pleasantly unconventional sketch called "Stage-Struck"; and *Pearson's*, the new claimant of public favour among the sixpenny magazines, opens with an abundance of excellent matter.

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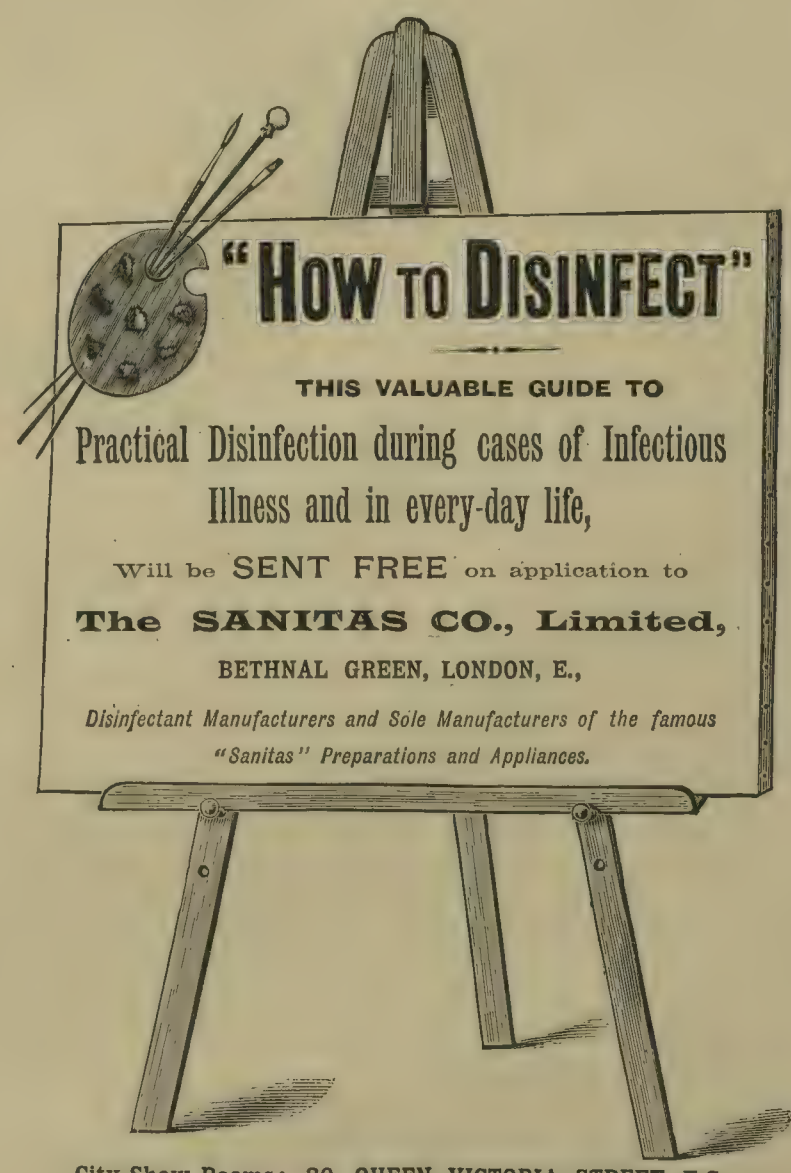
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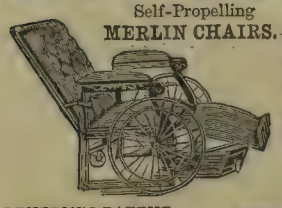
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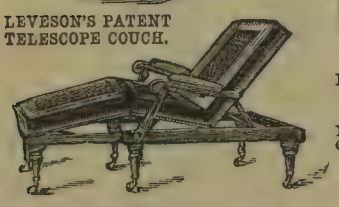
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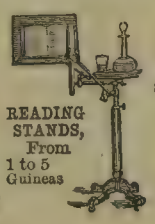
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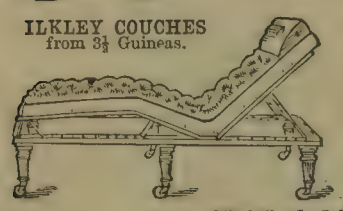
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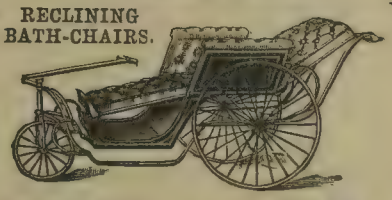
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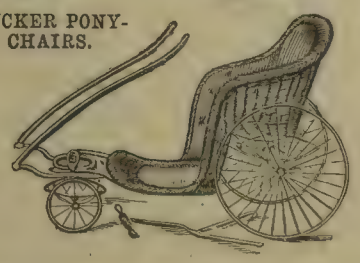
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THE "PARISIEN," On Cee Springs.


THE "CANOE," on Cee Springs, In White or Light Tan Colour.


THE LARGEST STOCK OF INVALID FURNITURE IN THE WORLD. *(Established 1849).*

ART NOTES.

Mr. Whistler has been showing his talents in lithographic art for a much longer time than the majority of the artists whose work is exhibited at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery. In Paris, where he has been living for some time, this branch of art has been more generally recognised as worthy of attention than in this country, and in many ways Mr. Whistler is more competent to give it its highest expression. The specimens of his work in this line now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery will amply confirm this opinion. His delicacy of touch, not less than his complete mastery of draughtsmanship, is shown in his studies of the female model, which, especially in the nude, show how lithography can be made to express the softer lines of the figure. There are among the studies here collected some rare gems, marked at once by grace and distinction, which show that it is not only with the etching-needle Mr. Whistler can express in a few touches what others fail to obtain by the most laborious effort. In his outdoor work he is not less successful, for he finds the same facility in conveying atmospheric effects on the stone as on the copper plate or even on canvas. The studies of the blacksmith's shop in the Rue du Dragon go perhaps even a step further, for they are almost dramatic in their touch; and in some of the street scenes, whether in French cities or English villages, he has the knack of catching the *genius loci* with marvellous precision. It is interesting also to compare the river studies at Chelsea and elsewhere as rendered by lithography with his treatment of the same scenes in his etched work. One cannot, however, but feel that the personal interest in the artist is somewhat less aroused by these drawings, reproduced by a chemical process, than in the case of etchings where the more immediate action of the artist is felt in each impression. In lithography the drawing once produced upon the stone is printed off rapidly and independently of the draughtsman, and even the printer's work (be it said without disrespect to the Messrs. Goulding) is more mechanical and demands for each print less personal supervision.

There was a time at which Mr. Mortimer Menpes was supposed to be a willing follower of Mr. Whistler, and obtained notoriety in the field in which his leader had won so many triumphs. Since then Mr. Menpes has followed his own bent and his own inspiration, which have led him to seek in the far East and to find in the far West subjects more suited to his love of brilliant colour. The collection of his studies in Mexico now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries are the latest expression of his efforts in this direction. Few of these works are of greater size than miniatures, but into this restricted space he is able to crowd figures and scenes with remarkable dexterity. The majority convey the same suggestion as that given by a field-glass when looked through from the wrong end. It is a curious fancy, but Mr. Menpes is fully entitled to indulge it, and it must be allowed that in many cases he produces vivid results. The bright contrasts which Mexican women, and even Mexican men, display in their costumes, whether in their houses or their market-places, are turned to good account by the artist,

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances under 12 miles issued on Tuesday or Wednesday, Dec. 24 and 25, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Thursday, and those issued at any time for distances from 12 to 50 miles eight days; and for distances over 50 miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.
Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24 and 25, to or from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Friday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, Dec. 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge, 5.0 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (First, Second, and Third Class).
On TUESDAY, DEC. 24, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Newport, 7.33 a.m., Ventnor 8.5 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.55 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 9.40 a.m. Fast Train to London (First, Second, and Third Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.
Pullman Cars are run in these Trains, returning from Brighton 5.0 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Special Cheap Fare, including Pullman Car, 12s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Weekday.
From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.
From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the Issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and to the Isle of Wight, Paris and the Continent, &c.:—
The Company's West-End Booking Offices: 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.
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Cook's Tourist Offices: Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.
Gaze's Tourist Offices: 142 Strand, and Westbourne Grove.
Jakins', 6, Camden Road, 29, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.
Mycis', 283, Gray's Inn Road, and 14, Pentonville Road.
The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.
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For Further Particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.
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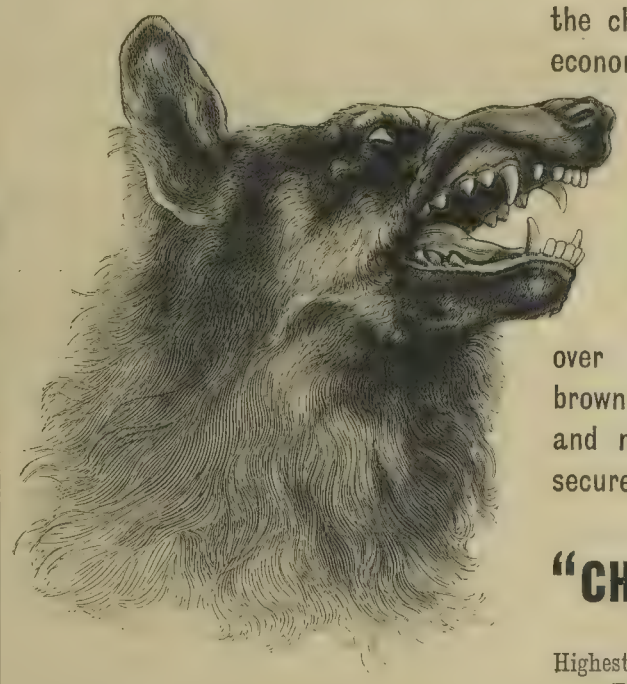
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who can concentrate the light wherever it suits his fancy or suggests problems in *chiaro-oscuro*. The drawback to his work is that this eagerness for forced colouring and splashes of bright light in the midst of cavernous obscurity suggests the theatrical use of the lime-light, which may be effective, but is scarcely natural. In another respect also Mr. Menpes' work is bewildering. It is difficult to decide in many of these studies whether the effect he wishes to convey is that of natural or of artificial light. There is no more general illumination of the scene by day than when the picturesque Mexicans are grouped round a blaze of town lamps or the more homely cottage candles. As giving some idea, however, of the "paintable" resources of Mexico, at present an untrodden country by artists in search of picturesque novelties, Mr. Menpes' exhibition is not without its attraction.

At the National Exhibition which Geneva is preparing for its visitors next year, Swiss art in its most attractive and popular form will be effectively represented. The idea of the "Swiss Village," which is to form one of the principal open-air attractions of the "Exposition," is analogous to that which inspired "Old London" at our more recent exhibitions at South Kensington. The chief difference will be that while there was a certain unity of purpose and arrangement in the buildings of "Old London," the "Swiss Village" will display the peculiarities and special tastes of the inhabitants of different cantons in succeeding centuries. The house of Chalamala, the jester to the Counts of Gruyère, which claims to date from the fifteenth century, will probably be the oldest building reproduced; but the so-called "Rittershaus" at Schaffhausen, with its dazzling frescoes, can claim almost as great antiquity. The arcades which still embellish the streets of Berne and Thun and the less visited town of Morat will furnish models for the types of such houses in the western cantons; but the canton of Ticino is more richly provided with such primitive shelters against the weather. From Meiringen has been brought the model of a two-storeyed house—one of the few which escaped the disastrous fire—which will show to what extent the Swiss sculptors of that district pushed the application of wood-carving to house-building; and, as a sort of contrast, two houses, copied from originals at Werdenberg, will show the more simple but ingenious taste of the inhabitants of St. Gall. The pine-covered slopes which surround the Lake of Geneva still boast many old fortified châteaux and farmhouses, bearing witness to the struggles between the Swiss and the House of Savoy of which both sides of the lake were the scene. Reproductions of these will be mingled with the more rustic dwellings of the central cantons, where woodwork took the place of stone and brick; and the student of history will be able to trace with something approaching local and chronological accuracy the progress of security throughout the various cantons. To those travellers who are not old enough to recollect the days when each canton had its special costume, and the men and women were proud to wear it, the "Swiss Village" at the Geneva Exposition will be a source of interest and delight.

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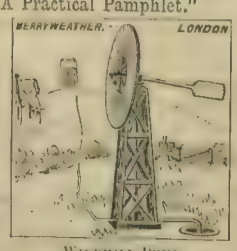
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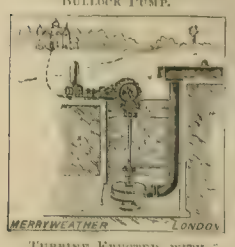
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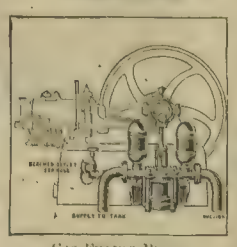
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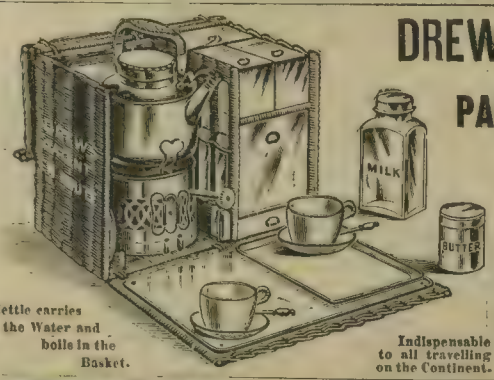
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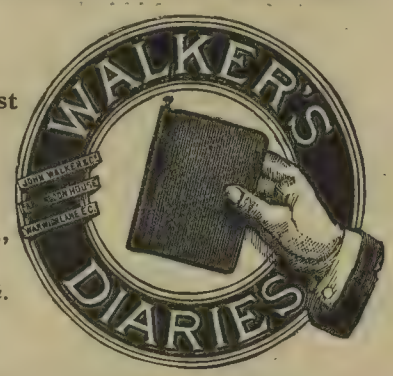
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The Crisis at Constantinople.

IF I could have my way I should choose to enter Constantinople in a melon-boat, lying on the top of scented golden tons of melons, which would weigh my strange-shaped ship gunwale under; I should have sailed from where—

> . . . those glittering isles
> Broider the sea's blue breast
> with beauty rare;

and, when the dawn came, I should be idly dipping down the Sea of Marmora. On the right, to the eastward, stretches the tawny Asian coast, fretted with the white buildings of Scutari, dark with the ordered cypress-groves that watch the Crimean dead. Also on the right opens the Bosphorus — from here a dream of fairy palaces and enchanted coves and bays; while on the left a stout tower starts the battlements which run for five miles on Stamboul side, and end with a cluster of seven towers beside the still waters of the Golden Horn. Constantine began this fortification, and the little city then reached nowhere near to its western barrier; but the next great Emperor-Builder carried his city out to the walls, and in some degree altered their course, and Theophilus, four hundred years later, added his improvements; since when, somewhere in the ninth century, no great alteration has been effected, and the last repairs are supposed to date from just after the Turkish Conquest. Nothing much is repaired in Constantinople to-day.



READING THE KORAN BEFORE THE LATE SULTAN'S TOMB.

As my melon-boat comes curtseying along below the walls of the Seraglio Point, I can see the white domes of multifarious buildings of the Palace where the Sultans used to live before they crossed over the water to Pera side and established themselves at Dolmabàghcheh, on the Bosphorus. And now the widows of deceased Sultans inhabit the Seraglio. Beyond the romantic gardens and palaces — where the stranger feels that a park and drive should be made for the pleasure of stifled residents—lies the crowded city of Stamboul. Two bridges of unspeakable inadequacy connect this, which is really the old original city of Constantinople, with Pera, which is the new city of Levantines and foreigners, though also sprinkled freely with Turks. And the beauties of the city are in Stamboul. Santa Sophia, the great mosque, with the flattest dome in the world, a marvel of architecture, rises almost china-white above the huddle of buildings. The small white domes top the cloisters clustering round its sides, and from amongst these its needle-like minarets shoot into the air. Strange to think that this was the cathedral church of the old city; stranger still, inside it, to see the half-hearted attempts to obliterate the beautiful mosaics of saints' heads and Christian subjects, and to trace still a medallion of the Virgin Mary above the spot where the altar once stood. But as the melon-boat approaches the landing-place in Stamboul, steering becomes important: steamers flying flags of every nation are anchored in this narrow bit of sea, which is really the outlet of the Golden Horn into the Bosphorus; and a crowd of kaïks—first cousins to the gondola—come buzzing like a swarm of bees.

There are masses of moving life upon the shore, all tightly packed together and feeling no inconvenience from being shoved about by donkeys, buffaloes, hamals (porters), horses for hire, beggars, and vendors of every conceivable



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

Sketch by Mrs. Egerton.



DERVISHES CHANTING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

nastiness in the way of sweetmeat, cake, or drink; fruit and vegetables, in magnificently coloured heaps on the ground, catch and colour the welter of sunlight; and the melons we have brought — though why, for there are millions already?—are more "unprofitably gay" than was ever golden gorse upon our tamer shores. It is disappointing to find that Turkish women do not wear trousers. No; you see them moving about in couples, or escorted by an unveiled woman-servant; and their dress is a petticoat of silk and a similar but shorter petticoat, turned up over their heads, above the muslin yashmak. This double petticoat is not really the house dress, but is put on over the house dress when the lady goes out; it is often made in the shot *glacé* silks that have been popular in England for a season or two, and though it has the effect of making her look a mere bundle, its colours often redeem it from ugliness. But the hamal has the largest share of the stranger's curiosity; he has a curious padded leather rest strapped to his back, and upon this he can, and will, pile the whole of your possessions, if you will let him. There is a legend that to every special correspondent setting foot in the Golden City there appears the vision of a hamal carrying a grand piano in this fashion. No resident has ever seen this weird sight, but they hear of it at long intervals when they get their English papers. A friend of mine owned to having met an American organ, which is a very heavy instrument, proceeding through the streets, apparently on the legs of a hamal, and I myself can speak to having seen there a copper boiler, and on another occasion a bath—the long fixed bath familiar in every English house. So that, even putting the special correspondent's grand piano aside, it is certain that a Constantinople porter will undertake to carry about twice as much as any other man. I like best to see them with a great hamper of greeny-brown grapes, all wreathed at the edges by vines and leaves, and in their hands a set of scales; but these are really the grape-sellers, and in autumn they thread every street in the city all day long.

It is certain that there is no lovelier scene in the world than you may envisage from the deck of the steamer which takes you down the Bosphorus when you are about to call on the Ambassador in his summer quarters at Therapia, or to take up your abode in the beautiful Summer Palace Hotel at the same place. On the left you have now the European shore, and as you are close to it you can see that it is literally encrusted with palaces. Of these Dolmabâghcheh, entirely of white marble, seems a fairy frost palace for a Snow King's daughter; not by any means in good taste, say the purists: but with its marble front lapped by blue water, its terrace, and its landing-stairs, the general effect is one of beauty. Two Sultans have lived here, Abdul Mejid and Abdul Aziz, who was dethroned in 1876, and ended his life at Tcheragan by cutting the veins of his arms with a pair of scissors. A third Sultan is reported to occupy this ill-fated place; but few can say if he be dead or alive. The deaths of Sultans are apt to be mysterious, and not seldom they have been terrible as well. Yildiz, "The Star," the home of Abdul Hamid, lies on the hill, and its wide parks and gardens look over the Bosphorus to the Asian coast, which here is so fringed with villas and palaces as to seem a reflection of the



THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE.



SMOKING NARGHILEHS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

European side rather than a replica. It is a wonderful sail, an hour and a half in all, down to the cape on which the British Ambassador has his pretty palace. Beautiful shady gardens rise up the cliff; there are great pines, fig-trees, and the lovely, pink-berried judas-tree; and beyond, upon the heights, there is the heather with the deep fragrance that belongs surely to the honey of Hymettus bees, and the blackberry and ivy and night-shade and sloe of English lanes. Teeming with fishes—porpoises and swordfish and tunny—the Bosphorus winds away from the Black Sea. The Marmora seems a blue mirror, to which, in the distance, the Princes' Islands are gummed in the manner of the looking-glass lake you may buy to delight the nursery. Better than everything I loved these Princes' Islands, with their forests of pine or cypress or arbutus, and their delightful toy houses, lost in gardens of a beauty that even the Asian summer cannot spoil.

As you enter Pera to return to your hotel, you turn your back upon the most wondrous of worldscapes; for more than sea or landscape are these scenes on which you have looked. The yellow dogs are still prowling round the dust-heaps, fending desperately for themselves in default of a more frequent bread-dole. Even round the garden which divides the English Embassy from the squalid street they howl as loudly as under your windows at the Pera Palace Hotel. And if the Queen herself came and chose to occupy the handsome square building which houses the representative of her person and her power, it is very doubtful if the dogs could be silenced, short of an



IN THE BOSPHORUS, NEAR KAVAK.

Sketch by Mrs. Ujerton.

amateur body-guard armed with air-guns. You may bribe the Bekji, or night watchman, who pervades the streets and taps the number of the passing hour upon the pavement, but next day you are uncertain whether you would not have preferred the dogs to the Bekji.

This is a sketch of one day in Constantinople. Upon another you will go up Galata Tower, or to the Museum, where Alexander's tomb, with its coloured statuary, brings back the dream of Greece and her faded power. Or you will hie you to the Sweet Waters or the walls. Meantime, from the balcony of as comfortable an hotel as is to be found in Europe, you can watch the splendid pageant of sunset—

> A blaze of lurid gold and daylight sets
> Behind the cypress-spires, where dead men lie
> Beneath their turban'd tombstones, and the sky
> Is dappled with the hue of violets;
> Here gleams the Golden Horn, with fishes, nets,
> And all the fleet of varied ships that fly
> The flags of half the world; and there, on high,
> The city with its mosques and minarets.

Thus charmingly sings "Violet Fane" in her new volume, "Under Cross and Crescent," and everybody knows that Violet Fane is Lady Currie, who, as poetess and Ambassadress, has watched all weathers this year past in the City of the Golden Horn.

Henry Norman.



TURKISH GRAVEYARD, OVERLOOKING THE GOLDEN HORN, CONSTANTINOPLE.



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MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

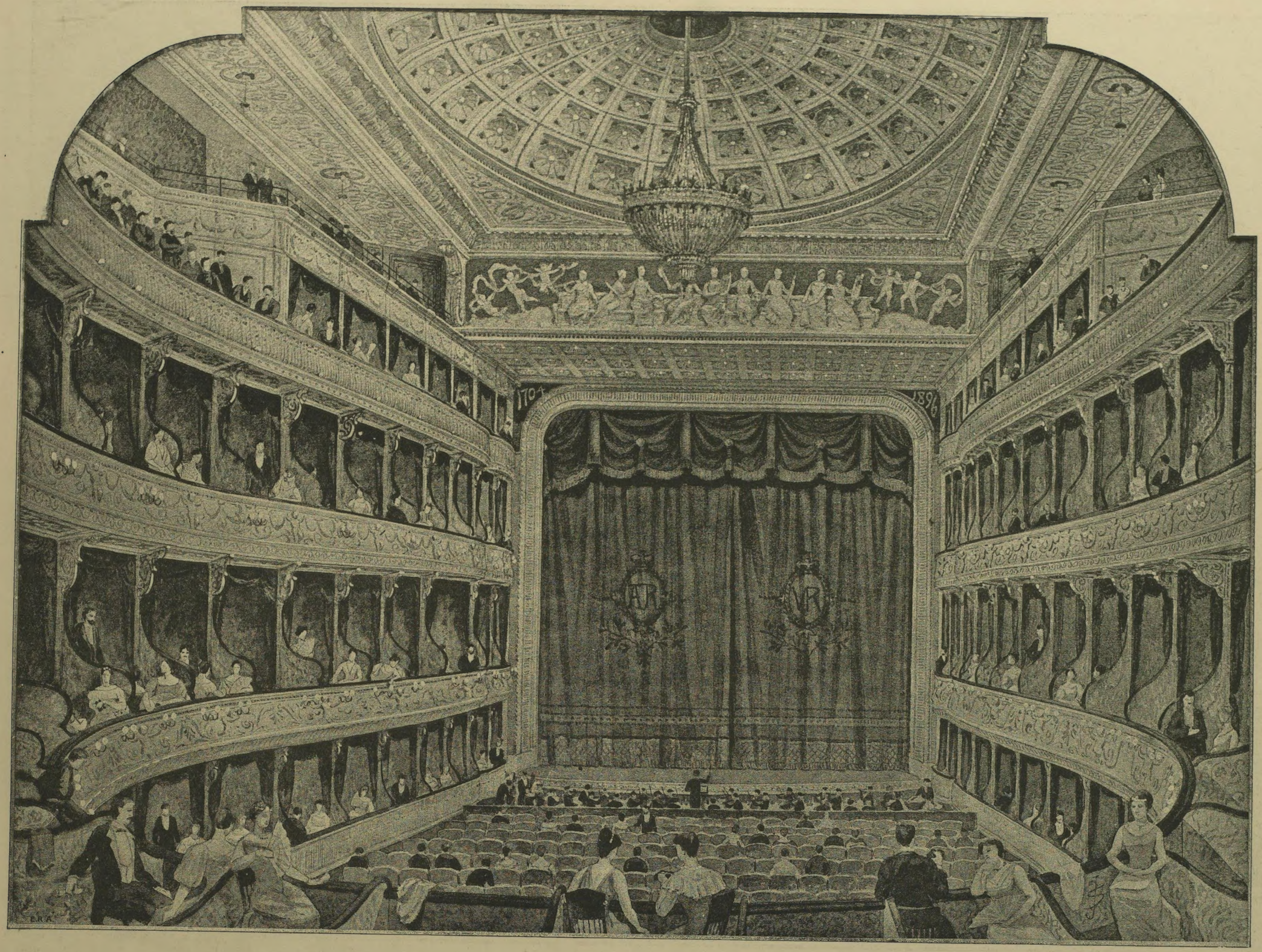


SULTANS' TOMBS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 14, 1895.—4



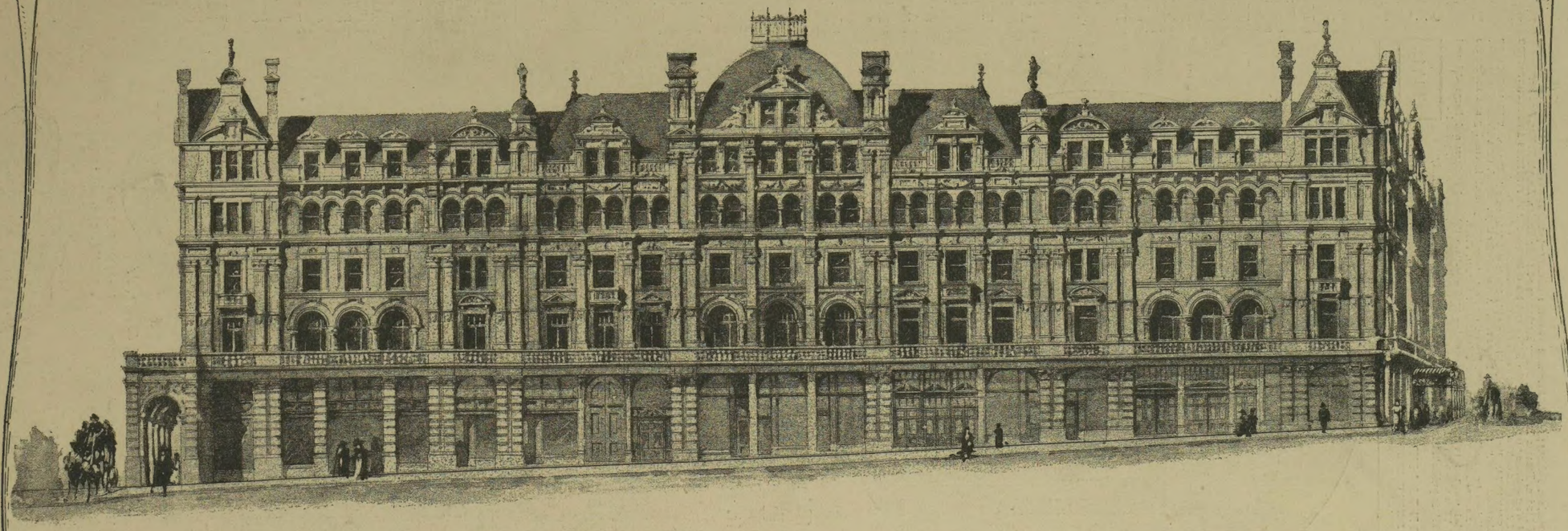
"TO SEAT FIVE PERSONS."



INTERIOR VIEW OF OPERA-HOUSE.

Walter Emden, Architect.

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FRONTAGE IN HAYMARKET.
Showing Entrance to the Opera House
in Charles Street

A NEW BUILDING FOR LONDON.

The piece of land which is vacant at the bottom of the Haymarket is at last to be covered with a block of buildings suitable to a position unrivalled not only in London, but in Europe, or even in the world. Many have been the schemes for covering the land, but one by one they have all failed to arrive at a successful issue until that at present before us. The chief, but by no means the only, object, is to provide an Opera House for London which shall be a credit to the greatest city in the world.

The position is central—the most central that could have been found—and easy of access from all parts, whether by road or rail. The Opera House itself will occupy almost exactly the same area of ground which Her Majesty's Theatre covered before it was delivered over to the hand of the destroyer. It is destined to be not only convenient and beautiful, but also well fitted for the object for which it is to be built. Its chief entrance will be in Charles Street, on the north side of the building, which has the advantage of not being a thoroughfare. The stalls and grand tier will be reached by marble staircases leading from an entrance-hall of magnificent proportions. The boxes are to be constructed in such a manner that, while maintaining the privacy which is so great a comfort, it will be possible to obtain a much improved view of the stage from every seat; and the lines on which they are designed will render the general *spectacle* of the house very brilliant when in full dress. The royal entrance will be in the Haymarket, where also will be additional entrances and exits to all parts of the threatre, which will have their counterparts on the other side as well in the existing Opera Arcade, making a total of no less than fourteen besides the grand entrance. It is calculated that by these provisions the entire house will, if necessity should arise, be capable of being emptied without pressure in less time than three minutes.

Shops will have their place in the Haymarket and in Pall Mall as well as in the Opera Arcade on both sides of the existing thoroughfare, and also in a new arcade running across the building between the Haymarket and the present arcade. These arcades will in themselves be a great addition to London, where, notwithstanding the disadvantages of climate, the public must take its walks out of doors exposed to the biting winds and rain, while almost every other important European city contains a small town of arcades and covered ways.

The remaining portions of the buildings will be occupied by a restaurant of a very high class, for which the position, in the midst of shops, picture galleries, theatres, and other places of amusement, is second to none, and by chambers for offices and other purposes. Arrangements have also been made to provide the necessary rooms for a club, should a committee, formed for that purpose, desire it.

It appears from all these carefully planned and well worked-out details that at last London society is to be allowed to take its own part in the support of one of the chief, if not the chief, forms of amusement which it enjoys. State aid to the national institution of the performance of grand opera has not yet been accorded, a fact which places this country at considerable disadvantage when compared with others; but the English aristocracy and rich society have too long left the provision of the grandest reproduction of art and scientific training, in which they pride themselves on taking pleasure, to private and individual speculation. It is high time that they should take upon themselves some share in the responsibility which has been hitherto left to individual enterprise. We are glad to hear that the project has found favour with those in the very highest circles; and the interest indirectly shown by some royal personages has given the greatest encouragement to the promoters of the scheme.

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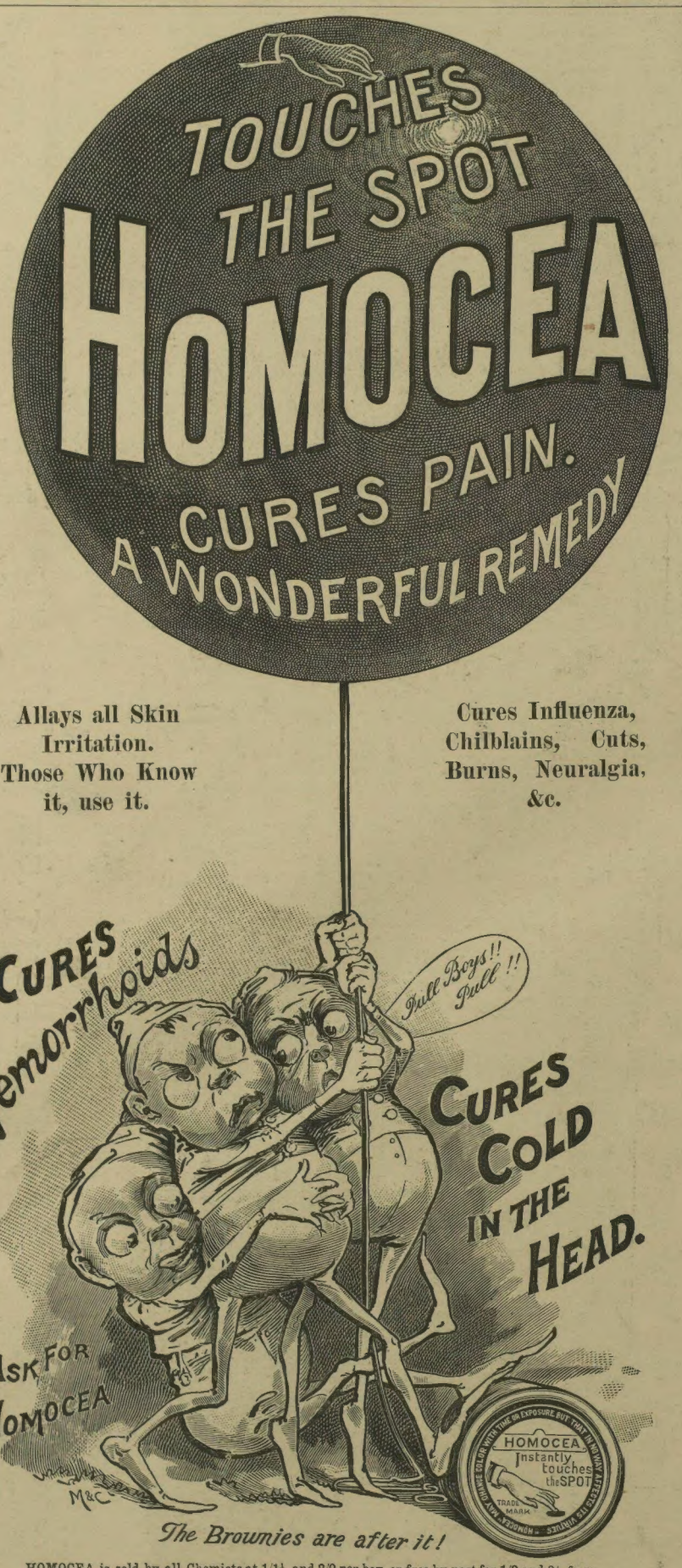
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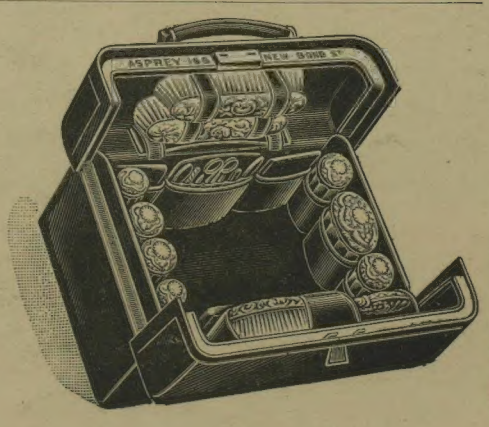
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